New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Conservative Freedom Stagnates

On Tuesday the Stock Exchange passed its previous peak. Investors, at least, are in an optimistic mood. But, unless they are simply aping Wall Street, it is hard to understand why they should feel so cheerful when one looks, first, at the shocking deficit on last year's balance of payments, then at the *Economic Survey* published on Wednesday, and finally at the distressing drop in the gold reserves announced only two hours later. For both the present state and the prospects of the British economy are far from healthy, and the *Survey* gives no hint that Mr Selwyn Lloyd – now in the last stages of drafting his Budget – either plans or expects to do much to restore it.

True, the *Survey* takes all the credit it can for warding off inflation last year: by high interest rates, increases in tax and restrictions on hire-purchase, the government choked off the boom which followed its election victory. But the price Britain had to pay is in the statistical tables. There was no net rise in industrial production in the last nine months of 1960, and at the end of the year – in which imports were rising all the time – our exports were no higher than 12 months before. As Mr Harold Wilson stated in this journal two weeks ago, over ten years of Conservative rule Britain has done relatively worse in production and exports than almost any other important industrial country: last year's figures now confirm his point that this is a long-term trend.

This is a sorry story, and it is not redeemed by what at first sight seem two positive features in the *Survey* – the rise in investment and the increase in both real income and savings. For the improvement in investment is in part the result of plans made by private enterprise when the boom was at its height a year ago, and its pattern follows that of the boom. Money has been poured into plant to produce cars, consumer durables and other products of affluence; it has gone into office-blocks, speculative housing and personal services. Far too little has gone into the trades on which expanded exports and valuable economic growth (to which the *Survey* sanctimoniously pays lip-service) depend, such as chemicals, machine-tools and electronics. So long as investment has to follow the pull of the home market, regardless of social priorities, this is inevitable.

Much the same comment can be made about the increase in incomes. Though wages and salaries rose by £930m, the income from self-employment, dividends and rent went up by £354m. But the wage-bill is spread over nearly 25m persons, while the bulk of rentier receipts goes to about three per cent of the population. These figures, moreover, take no account of the fact that salaries may have taken a bigger proportionate share than wages of the increase in earned income, or of the capital gains made by investors after the election.

Thus both the apparent gains are far from impressive if the objective is to make the British economy more effectively competitive. It is essential to concentrate investment on the vital export industries, but this can be done only by a Chancellor who is prepared to shape the pattern of domestic demand. As the sad record of last year proves, the monetary policies that this government employs are not competent to achieve either purpose selectively, or even to protect our foreign balances from speculators. Each time a free-for-all boom threatens our balance of payments – a danger that the *Survey* recognises – it can be checked only by securing overall stagnation.

Meanwhile, within this ossifying economy, a cocoon of comfort has been created for those who own and manage it. They can increase their income, their corporate privileges – as Mr Peter Shore shows on a later page – and their material rewards. They can shift more of the cost of state pensions and social services on to the wage-earners, while they clamour for the 'incentive' of tax-reduction. And yet they cannot produce results. This, if the Labour Party could turn its efforts to the attack, is the most deadly indictment of a decade of Conservative service to special interests.

Comments on the Week's News

Nato

Charm and Power

A good deal of childish vanity is involved in the attempts of the three ageing prima donnas of Western Europe – Macmillan, de Gaulle and Adenauer – to acquire a favoured relationship with the new tenant of the White House. The first Mr Macmillan knew of President Kennedy's decision to visit Paris was when it came over the tapes. The visit need not, however, be regarded as a rebuff for the British. In strict protocol, the American president was due for a visit to Paris (General de Gaulle, it must be remembered, is Head of State), and Mr Kennedy no doubt feels it is well worth his while to sacrifice a little dignity to dissuade de Gaulle from his more ambitious plans to 'reform' Nato, and to buttress his will to bring the Algerian War to a speedy end. Indeed, Kennedy – who was an outspoken critic of the war before his election – seems determined to get a settlement even at the risk of angering France.

But even if the Paris visit does not bring undiluted pleasure to de Gaulle, it emphasises the central fact that Washington increasingly regards Britain, France and West Germany as equals. Kennedy is a hard-headed political realist, first and last. He will base his relations with his three principal allies on the hard facts of economic power and military contribution to the alliance. He and his advisers are plainly perturbed by the decline in Britain's trading and industrial position, and by our continued reluctance to come to terms with the Common Market. Kennedy is not impressed by the British 'deterrent' – which, even if Skybolt is produced, remains a vulnerable 'first strike' weapon – and he would much prefer Britain to make a larger contribution to the West's conventional forces. It is on Britain's response to these concrete issues, rather than on Macmillan's skill as a diplomatic charmer, that our future relationship with the US will depend.

Laos

Hopes of Peace

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* China's support for a cease-fire in Laos halts the danger of developing war in South-East Asia. The immediate problem is now one of synchronising the British and Soviet proposals; Britain holds that a cease-fire should precede the recall of the International Control Commission – which would be followed by an international conference at which America and China would sit round the same table. Prince Souvanna Phouma, whose own staunch neutrality should ensure him an important role in these talks, rightly said in London last week that changes in American policy had facilitated his tour of New Delhi and the West. He also praised the British proposals and queried only the problem of whether the Control Commission would be better revived before, instead of after, a cease-fire. This is the first item on the agenda of British-American talks in Washington this week, where the seemingly co-operative attitude of the Soviet ambassador (helped by Liu Ting-yi's statement), will probably lead to an early recall of the Commission in Delhi.

This new alignment of forces in Laos goes a long way to justify *Pravda's* claim that 'the clouds gathering over South-East Asia have begun to disperse'. But the weather is not yet set fair. The Chinese specifically stated that, had Seato sent troops into Laos, their own would have followed. Peking's propaganda machine has continuously claimed that the US policy of providing arms and military advisers to South Vietnam is a violation of the Geneva agreement. The North Vietnamese Foreign Minister too, who has repeatedly circularised the Geneva powers, is similarly challenging South Vietnam's co-operation with Seato. Thus, if the cease-fire in Laos is achieved and an international conference is called, the real show-down between China and America seems bound to follow. The issue would inevitably be extended beyond the narrow frontier of Laos to include the whole relation of China and the US.

President Kennedy's rejection of Mr Dulles's brinkmanship promises good results. In concerting his policy with that of Britain and India, he may pull some of Eisenhower's chestnuts out of the fire. He has had to face the double problem of avoiding a disgraceful and incalculable war – are not the Democrats understandably taunted with always starting wars? – and at the same time avoiding the taunt that he was doing so by 'being soft to the Commies'. The balance of forces in Congress makes him peculiarly vulnerable to this propaganda. Whether or not he had achieved some private understanding with the Russians before committing himself publicly at his press conference a fortnight ago is as much a matter of speculation as whether the Russians persuaded the Chinese to switch their policy by an offer of increased economic aid. In any case, a settlement in Laos must offer hope that the tension of the Cold War in Asia will soon be eased.

Africa

Deadlock in Kenya

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Although historically the three most important African events of the week have been the remarkable success of the Tanganyikan conference, the British decision to vote against *apartheid* at the UN and the collapse of the treason trial, the immediate crisis is again in Kenya. It is now impossible to ignore the suspicion that this results from internal considerations within the British Conservative Party, rather than from any real factors inside Kenya itself. There was some argument for banning Jomo Kenyatta permanently from public life based on the conviction that he was personally responsible for Mau Mau and would re-start the movement if released; but the foundation of that case collapsed when African politicians were allowed to consult him and when it was announced that he might expect to return at some future date. The fact that both leading Africans who had fought Mau Mau and certain European leaders favoured abolishing his restrictions had in any case nullified it. Now the position is simply that the Africans will not join a government until he is free, whilst the Colonial Secretary and the Governor will not release him until a government has been formed and is working.

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One can sympathise with Mr. Macleod, who knows that the white-settler lobby in his party, already sore from his treatment of Welensky and the rebuff to Dr Verwoerd, will howl for his blood if he tries to compromise over the release of Kenyatta. But the African leaders are similarly menaced by their own rank and file. Is the bloody-mindedness of the anti-Macleod group (there is a disquieting rumour that the Governor shares some of their views) to be allowed to exacerbate racial tensions once again in East Africa? Or will the British government have the courage to allow the elected Legislative Council to decide?

The Red and the Black

A special correspondent writes: On the morning when the marathon treason trial ended, a new political trial of ten very respectable African leaders was due to begin here in Johannesburg. They are charged under the anti-Communist Act with having summoned the big conference held last week in Natal in spite of the arrest of the conveners. Only one of these accused, a barrister, was involved in the treason trial or was active in the banned African National Congress. But two more of the treason trial defendants were arrested on Wednesday.

The treason trial showed how hard is the task of the political police in a country where the rule of law has not yet been fully abrogated. To distinguish a Communist from a 19th-century liberal or a 20th-century Christian has always been difficult for Afrikaner detectives. Even if they were studious men, there is no Marxist literature in the Afrikaans language to guide them. No wonder Stendhal's novel, translated into English under the sinister title, *The Red and the Black*, was among the books confiscated from one of the white accused!

Not that the indictment failed for this reason. It failed because the court held that, amid the 11,000 documents and 20,000 pages of evidence put before it, there was no proof that Congress was Communist or that it ever advocated overthrowing the state by violence. The court reached this conclusion in spite of its apparent acceptance of some highly debatable views about Communism.

The significance of the acquittal should not be exaggerated. If this trial had more of Groucho Marx than Karl Marx in it, there is nothing funny about the new trial or about the scores of small political trials that go on every month in all parts of the country. (Last week, for instance, an Indian was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for writing a private letter to a friend about the banned Pan-Africanist Congress). If the government draws any inference from the collapse of the treason trial, it will be that the present laws are not ferocious enough. It was Dr Verwoerd's immediate predecessor, Strydom, who once defined treason in its true South African terms when he gave a Nationalist party congress this assurance: — 'Anybody who purposely tried to upset the government's plan to put into operation its *apartheid* policy, or who failed to do his duty towards the realisation of that aim, would be guilty of treason'.

A Holding Policy in the Congo

A Special Correspondent writes: It is clear from the Tshombe-UN manoeuvres around the Elizabethville airport this week that the UN does not intend to abandon its lines of communication to Katanga. But Tshombe's strength, using South African, Belgian, Italian and British mercenaries, is sufficient to prevent any serious UN intervention in his province unless the UN is prepared to deploy a large force and face the consequences of open war. Thus, it could be argued, once the attacks were made on the UN Swedish troops guarding the airfield, the sensible policy would have been to withdraw and leave Tshombe to govern Katanga as he wished, no doubt destroying the Lumumbists and reducing recalcitrant tribes. The decision to send in Irish troops shows that this choice has been rejected. In an admittedly confused situation it seems that General McKeown has decided to hold the airfield open in the knowledge that, if he surrendered it, his forces would be permanently excluded from Katanga. While the UN holds the airport it can retain an influence, if not real power in the province – though this may mean that it can do no more than prevent the worst excesses and hold Katanga troops back from invading other provinces. Even this holding policy can pay dividends if the new approach made by Mr Kamitatu on behalf of the Leopoldville government to the Lumumbists in Stanleyville brings results. Another hopeful development is the Belgian acceptance of the Security Council's demand for the withdrawal of military and para-military personnel: one source of provocation will thus be removed.

Teachers

An Urgent Claim

Our Educational Correspondent writes: The substance of the priority resolutions on salaries, passed by acclamation at the conference of the National Union of Teachers in Brighton on Wednesday, was that the nation has been trying to get an education service on the cheap and that the time has come for teachers to be paid a salary that bears comparison with other professions. The conference, pledging its support to the Executive in the current Burnham negotiations, called for an early answer from the local authorities to the pay claim. The Executive successfully pleaded with the floor against an amendment that would have put a time limit on negotiations, saying it would hobble the negotiators. Despite the frustration that stems from years of inadequate pay there is a sense of sobriety about the NUT when it comes to responsible decisions. Although cheers and a promise of support were given to the strike threat from the fraternal delegate from Scotland, there has been no talk of direct action this side of the border.

The main salary claim, fully supported by the other teachers' associations on the Burnham Committee, is for a better basic scale: £700 rising in ten years to £1,300 (the present scale is £520 rising to £1,000 over 17 years). The preoccupation with this bed-rock pay (on which 45 per cent of the profession live) has led some to suppose that the NUT is against differentials. That this is not true can be seen from the memorandum on salary policy approved by the conference earlier this week.

United States

Rebel Yells

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: The Civil War centennial now in progress might be compared to a celebration of Guy Fawkes Day in which the Prime Minister places a wreath on Guy's grave. Commons and conspirators are both honoured, with a shade more enthusiasm for the conspirators, and children throughout the land happily blow up miniature parliament buildings to commemorate a gallant though unsuccessful plot. In this 100th anniversary of what Southerners call the War Between the States, it is as though the conflict were a gigantic and colourful contest which had nothing to do with such ugly matters as slavery and which somehow both sides gloriously won.

For months individual state commissions have been commemorating events preliminary to the great struggle. In Montgomery, Alabama, a congress has met to re-enact the establishing of the Confederacy. Attending, by chance, the opening session of the South Carolina Legislature in January, I counted six members with freshly grown sideburns, 1860 style, and at least four who wore rebel caps on the floor of the House. Most of the members left in a day or two to attend the reenacted firing on the *Star of the West,* a Yankee supply ship that had come to the relief of the Federal garrisons in Charleston harbour. And Jackson, Mississippi, last week took time off from rounding up Negro students, accused of an attempt to use a white city library, to celebrate Secession Day. With nine of the students safely in jail, 3,000 Mississippians decked out in grey uniforms were free to parade past the Governor's reviewing stand to the tunes of 'Dixie' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag'.

The first major event of the centennial, however, is still to come, and the preparations for it have been both elaborate and ironic. To honour the anniversary of the Confederate firing on Fort Sumter on 12 April, the National Civil War Centennial Commission will meet in Charleston under the guidance of Major General Ulysses C. Grant 3rd, a grandson of the Union commander. Scheduled to speak is Robert E. Lee 4th, a great-grandson of the Confederate commander. And scheduled to attend, but only because of the timely intervention of President Kennedy, is Mrs Madeline A. Williams, a member of the New Jersey state commission.

It seems that when the arrangements were being made, the New Jersey delegation was advised that the Charleston hotel where the rites were to be held would be unable to accommodate Mrs Williams, whose colour calls for separate, if not always equal, facilities in the State of South Carolina. Her colleagues appealed to General Grant to take action, but the descendant of the man who took Richmond showed no interest in taking Charleston, whereupon the New Jersey group withdrew from the affair, followed by Illinois, New York, and California. Even Kennedy's first attempt to impress Grant with the impropriety of his arrangements failed, the commission murmuring only that it had 'no authority or jurisdiction to dictate' to hotelkeepers. It was only when the President said flatly, 'We cannot leave the situation as it is' that the General took up the Union cause. Ceremonies will still take place in Charleston, which will not exactly give Mrs Williams the keys to the city, but the dining and business of the commission will be done at the United States Naval Base, which is Federal property and therefore free of local custom.

It may safely be assumed that the Confederate forces will not fire on the naval base, but in the ceremonies at Appomattox, still four years off, General Grant will be carefully watched to see that he does not absentmindedly hand over his sword to Mr Lee.

The Literary Editor

We warmly welcome Karl Miller as the new Literary & Arts Editor of the NEW STATESMAN. Miller, for the past three years literary editor of the *Spectator,* this week takes over the NEW STATESMAN literary editorship from Walter Allen, who has resigned to devote more time to his own writing, but will continue as a contributor.

Rough Weather Ahead?

Our Economic Correspondent writes: Mr Kennedy seems even more chary of being called an inflationist than a warmonger. He is clearly unwilling (at any rate at the moment) to risk a head-on collision with the financiers on sound finance. While he has succeeded in forcing the Federal Reserve to buttress the bond market and cut interest rates, he has not recommended any cuts in taxes. He seems afraid that the increase in social and defence expenditure (including payment of unemployment benefits to workers whose entitlement has expired) which he advocates and will probably be able to carry out, and the relaxation of credits to private house-building, might together create an inflationary situation if reinforced by a larger deficit. His failure to obtain congressional approval for an extended minimum-wage bill demonstrates the weakness of his congressional position.

Yet unemployment figures – seasonally adjusted – are still on the increase. The problem of the distressed areas is daily becoming more acute. It is to be feared that if the President is not able to secure a drastic extension of his powers to control spending in the US, he will continue to suffer from the same disability as his Republican adversaries (and the British Tories). He will not be able to combine stability with full employment and growth. Part of the explanation is undoubtedly that his expert advisers, especially Professor Samuelson, are far too trustful that simple Keynesian techniques are sufficiently effective to ask for additional powers *now*. By the time they learn what could easily have been perceived from a study of the British Labour government's blunders which led to the 1951 crisis, Mr Kennedy will not be able to count on that minimum of control over Congress which is needed to initiate such major reforms.

Fleet Street

Good Mark for the Telegraph

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes:* Has the *Sunday Telegraph* made the grade? Next Sunday it reaches its tenth publication, and in my view it is home and dry. Dry is, of course, the word for it so far as Fleet Street is concerned. The pundits who talk over these things incessantly in the bodegas will not throw a good word at the sheet – though all must be pleased that a new paper is safely launched. I heard them quote as particularly appropriate a technical television freak in which a commercial for the new paper on the Southern station got mixed up with a sound track advertising fish on the Midlands programme: viewers, instead of getting the familiar slogan 'The Paper that Fills the Gap', heard the words 'Fresh! White! No skin! No bones!'

There is not a paper published that is not improved by teeth that bite but, as the *Sunday Telegraph's* stable-mate has for years developed successfully as a middle-class daily paper of record – the paper most people say they would choose if they were stranded on a desert island – it is beginning to seem possible to adapt the formula to the Sabbath. The paper has faults by the score – punning headlines, as in issue Number Eight, when the Grand National story was labelled 'Nicolaus Silver Took The Gold'; masterpieces of uncomprehending understatement, as in the headline 'Bohemian But Brilliant' on a book review about the life of Modigliani in issue Number Three; not enough news in the first half – but I am beginning to become familiar with its contents, and that is a good sign.

What is more, the effort to gather enough news to sustain the normal week-end famine is being vigorously pursued. Students of the Sunday press must have been fascinated last Sunday by the behaviour of the papers towards the case of the 'Immoral' Vicar. The *People* coyly claimed that Dr Bryn Thomas 'had asked the *People* to print [his own story] and we have agreed'. This strange announcement was accompanied by an interview with Dr Thomas in which he was described as ordering an after-dinner brandy – 'the liquid kind.' The *Sunday Pictorial* signed up Mrs Brandy, who wrote: 'When I first met Dr Thomas I was only a small soprano voice in the choir.'

The 'respectable' Sunday papers – *Times, Observer, Express,* even the lively *Dispatch* – were mute, with two exceptions – Driberg's column in *Reynold's* and the *Telegraph.* In a bold front-page double-column spread the *Telegraph* gave point to Dr Thomas's allegation in the Consistory Court that the trial was 'a political plot', by revealing that Thomas was a member of the Swindon branch of the Communist Party in 1943 and nowadays active on the London Peace Council and chairman of the British-Hungarian Friendship Society. The *Telegraph* also searched as far as Pittsburgh, US, for Mrs Brandy's wartime husband and on Page 19 discreetly revealed that he was a Negro. (Mrs Brandy in the *Pictorial* said his father was a Red Indian and that he was coloured on his mother's side.)

No point in approving or disapproving the 'popular' reaction to the Vicar case; but every reason to congratulate the *Telegraph's* news editor for a courageous investigation and to take issue in advance against those who will caterwaul the word 'intrusion' every time newspapers inquire into a matter of legitimate public interest. The *Sunday Telegraph* could possibly turn out to confound Fleet Street by becoming 'the paper that only the public likes', for its sales are possibly slightly ahead of those of the *Observer* (750,000 at year's end), and it has grabbed around 50,000 readers from both the *Sunday Times* and the *Sunday Express.* For the *Express,* with a figure of 3,795,000 copies before the price increase last January, this drop is not serious, but Roy Thomson must be watching carefully that the *Times* does not fall below the magic million (1,112,000 before the price increase).

The *Telegraph* sales are still falling, but there are signs that it is stabilising in excess of 750,000, which is 250,000 more than its announced target figure – and surely an example of the trend towards the more serious journalism that I believe the public is ready for. With stronger-selling features than it has so far been able to acquire, this is a solid jumping-off ground. But where are these features? The 'populars' are having the whale of a time, with Eva Bartok about to reveal the secrets of her friendship with the Marquis of Milford Haven; the poor little girl in the Worthing murder case; the suicidal confessions of Adrienne Corri – as well as the backwash of the Vicar scandal. But the 'respectables' are labouring. The *Sunday Express* is going back to its faithful stand-by, reminiscences of World War II, after a panicky break from tradition when it bought a life story of Antony Armstrong-Jones, which turned out to be by his stepmother and not his mother, despite an advertising campaign with the slogan 'He was my son.' The *Times* is sending Hugh Trevor-Roper to Jerusalem for the Eichmann trial; and the *Observer* is lying doggo. None of these matter, circulation-wise.

If I were Donald McLachlan, the editor of the *Sunday Telegraph,* I would persuade the beautiful, forceful and opinionated Lady Pamela Berry, the proprietor's wife, to write a column. If Lady Pamela can write as brilliantly as she can talk, she would make a circulation-builder all right.

Zero Hour at Geneva

ANDREW ROTH

A close look at the nuclear test ban talks here makes you feel that you are watching a Protestant boy and his slightly pregnant Catholic girl friend in front of a Belfast registry office towards the end of a tax year. You are overwhelmed by the feeling that the 'compulsion of events' will make them sign on the dotted line but you cannot overcome the nagging suspicion that the whole thing will fall through because of the deeply-felt ideological gap.

In talking to the leading negotiators and objective onlookers here one is impressed by the fact that the already-narrowed gap between them is less important than the ties that bind them to past positions and a differing approach. This is particularly true of such things as the gap between the three veto-free inspections which the Soviets are offering and the 20 that the West is demanding.

During an hour's talk at his villa, the Soviet delegate, Semyon Tsarapkin, pointed out to me that during the two and a half years that the ban has lasted thus far *without inspection,* only fanatics like Dr Teller and Mr McCone have even pretended that the Russians (or anyone else) have violated the ban. 'We consider it inadmissible that great powers, with responsible governments should, after signing a treaty, try to trick each other and try clandestine explosions,' Mr Tsarapkin told me with some feeling. 'None of these three powers could expose itself to the terrible impact of world indignation after such a trick!'

He insisted that on top of this guarantee even a token number of veto-free inspections would be more than enough for any reasonable opponent. 'The very fact that you have in your pocket the *right* to make an inspection without the chance of its being vetoed is an enormously important guarantee, he emphasised. The three veto-free inspections, he insisted, was very close to the number (four to six?) suggested by Mr Macmillan in Moscow in February 1959 as a way out of the deadlock. Anything more gave an open general licence for spies: 'We don't want to give Mr (Allen) Dulles's CIA the possibility of using these inspections'.

The American-British approach, as outlined by Arthur Dean, is that inspections should bear some relation to the number of potentially suspicious events. According to such a reasonable scientist as Dr Hans Bethe, of the 200 earth tremors in the Soviet Union, between 50 and 100 are indistinguishable from muffled underground nuclear tests of the order of 20 kilotons, on the basis of modern instrumentation. He feels that it would be safe if 30 per cent could be investigated, particularly those explosions which appeared to come from isolated wastelands or worked-out salt mines. At present it is difficult to conceive of the Russians allowing more than, say, six inspections. When the Kennedy Administration thought of reducing its rock-bottom demand to 17 inspections, a menacing rumble was heard from Capitol Hill.

Experienced and objective observers here feel that it is in the Soviet interest to be more generous in its acceptance of veto-free inspections because, particularly in the initial stages, it is important to build mutual trust. Thus, the example was given that even if an over-suspicious inspector from the West suspected an underground nuclear explosion after the West had used up its veto-free quota, it would be in the Soviet Union's interest to grant it. By showing the suspicions were baseless it would make the inspector look foolish. By refusing the inspection it would provide a field-day for the opponents of the treaty. In any case the quota of three inspections is too small because, in proportion, it would permit only one inspection for China and India each when, as hoped, they become signatories.

Perhaps the widest gap is over the new Soviet demand for a three-man (Communist, Atlantic, neutral) administrative council instead of the one-man triply-cleared administrator already accepted. Mr Tsarapkin left me in no doubt that the Congo experience had convinced the Soviet Union of the danger of allowing an independent international civil servant to be 'neutral against' them, in the famous Irish phrase. 'There is no individual in the world who is equally acceptable to the USA, the USSR and countries like India and the United Arab Republic,' he emphasised. 'An administrative council should implement the agreement in order to avoid enforcing the will of one instead of all parties.'

In contrast, Mr Dean thought it would be quite easy to find 'a dedicated international civil servant,' citing his own experience with India's General Thimmaya in Korea. Even so, he would not have very much room to manoeuvre because this was a control administration which should work as automatically as an electronic calculating machine. International civil servants who have studied both the proposed treaty and the UN Charter make the point that in contrast to the Secretary-General, who is an organ of the UN and has great freedom in what he reports to the Security Council or how he carries out their instructions, the proposed administrator will be very much corsetted by detailed regulations. There is, in fact, such wide opposition to making the test ban administrator into a hydra-headed operation, from western and neutral sources, that those Americans who are not anxious for a treaty feel that this is the best excuse yet for breaking off negotiations.

The impatience of Britain's Minister of State, David Ormsby-Gore, with such new Soviet demands and with the Soviet lack of enthusiasm for what Mr Tsarapkin described to me as 'a slight move ahead' by the West, arises from the feeling of Ormsby-Gore and others that the Kennedy Administration has gone about as far as it can go. President Kennedy is a strong advocate of a test-ban treaty and a courageous man, but also a shrewd and objective observer of how far he can go and retain the Congressional support needed to ratify the treaty once negotiated. In restating the western position (with British encouragement and support) he has by-passed the suspicions of the anti-Soviet fanatics and accepted the minimum of precautions acceptable to reasonable scientists and capable of being 'sold' to Congress. Typical of the advance has been the by-passing of those scientists who for a year have held up a test ban for outer space because it was not 100 per cent enforceable.

Although American (and perhaps Soviet) hesitations are reflected within the delegation, nobody in Geneva doubts that the chiefs of the delegations are very keen to achieve agreement. Although they publicly challenge the positions taken by one another's governments, their personal relations are as good as their determination to achieve success is strong. Geneva is full of good stories of how, behind a facade of hard bargaining, they have helped one another move their governments forward.

President Kennedy's choice of Arthur Dean as his new delegation chief appears to have been a very fortunate one. As a Republican and Wall Street lawyer with a reputation of having been a 'tough' negotiator *vis-à-vis* the Chinese in Korea, he has considerable Congressional tolerance. At the same time he believes strongly in a test ban treaty. Mr Ormsby-Gore gives the impression of being impatient at the moment – as in his sharp and very impressive speech on 30 March – largely because he feels for the first time that the Anglo-American offer is fair and workable and the opportunity is slipping by. But neither he nor Dean blames 'Scratchy', as they call the Soviet chief delegate.

All three delegations and their governments are also bound together by their fear of the spread of the bomb beyond the 'Big Three'. The Americans and British express their fear most openly about China, and the Russians about France (and possibly Franco-German cooperation in the field of atomic weapons). But objective and experienced observers are convinced they all fear the spread of the bomb equally. All three realise too that this test-ban treaty must be widened fairly quickly to have effect: geographically to cover France, China and other nuclear-potential states, and in depth to extend to the manufacture of nuclear weapons and the use of fissionable materials for military purposes, if not to general disarmament.

The Soviet position appears to be that they would prefer the present, unsupervised test moratorium to a supervised test-ban unless they were fairly sure the test-ban was almost certain to widen out into general disarmament. Thus, Mr Tsarapkin told me that the Soviet Union would like to see the *framework* of a general disarmament treaty worked out before the test-ban treaty is signed.

In short, while the West approaches the negotiations here as a test of Soviet *bona fides*, the Russians approach this as one of the many and overlapping fields in which they hope to strike a new world balance of forces with the Kennedy Administration – and quite soon. The Soviet leaders may be encouraged by their Laotian experience with their ability to force the US to the conference table. But many here, including neutrals and those in the past very critical of American foot-dragging, feel that on this test-ban treaty the Kennedy Administration, unlike the shapeless Eisenhower Administration, is like a finely tempered bit of steel: it has bent forward about as far as it now seems possible, and unless grasped soon may snap very far back.

The Rewards of Affluence

PETER SHORE

Ideas about Top People remain oddly old-fashioned. True, there are still men of great inherited wealth, landowners and titled society, highly successful public servants – all those fashionably and far too loosely lumped together as the Establishment – and these have been reinforced by the successful entrepreneurs of the booming Fifties. But throughout the post-war years a new privileged group has steadily emerged, wielding great power and profiting immeasurably from their expertise in navigating the shoals and rapids of taxation and inflation. These are the managers of corporate wealth, the directors and senior executives who earn high salaries, enjoy expense accounts and other valuable perquisites, and are in effect responsible only to themselves.

The secrets of corporate life are well guarded. It is only when Sir Bernard Docker, in one way, or Dr Beeching, in another, briefly open the door into the room at the top that one begins to understand the real nature and significance of contemporary corporate privilege.

Admirals, town clerks, headmasters – all these have jobs in which they are responsible, and their rewards are limited and known. But the crucial fact about the business world is that the emoluments of those at the top are private and self-determined: it is the board of directors, seldom affected by the views of the nominal owners of a company, who set their own rewards – in fees, pension rights, expenses and services rendered to them by the company.

How large in fact are corporate rewards? More important, how wide is the margin of advantage at the top of private over public employment? Chairmen of some of the largest British companies earn gross salaries of up to £40,000 a year – quite apart from lavish expenses and other 'perks'. In the public sector, however, until Dr Beeching, no chairman of a nationalised industry has received more than £10,000 per annum. In 25 of the largest free enterprise companies, the average emoluments of each director exceed £10,000: in 11 of these they exceed £15,000; in four they exceed £20,000. But in the 39 nationalised boards of a commercial character, not one has averaged £10,000.

These differences are striking. Measured by any rational criteria – whether one takes the size of investment funds, the assets controlled, the men employed or annual turnover – the responsibilities that fall upon the boards of the larger nationalised industries are far higher than those carried, with the possible exception of the oil companies, by any private board. Yet the rewards in nationalised industries are only a fraction of those to be gained in the private sector.

There are two important consequences. One is that, unless they are moved by a very strong public service motive, outstanding men of boardroom calibre are bound to be very strongly tempted by private as opposed to public employment. Moreover, since the private sector is dominant and sets the style of corporate living, men occupying high places in the public service feel all the restlessness that springs from 'comparative poverty'.

We do not know what difficulties this has involved in manning the higher positions of the public sector in recent years. One point, however, is clear: that of all the full-time personnel of the public boards, only one prior to Dr Beeching – Lord Plowden, the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission – has been recruited from the private to the public sector. There are of course several men with a business background who have held part-time posts on public boards, such as Sir Gerald d'Erlanger (chairman of BOAC), Sir John Keeley (deputy-chairman of BEA) and Sir Frederick Bell (chairman of the Herring Industry Board). But these are men whose interests mainly reside in the private sector. The pulling power of the public sector for full-time career appointments is virtually nil. A single Beeching – and his price – makes the point.

The second result of the great discrepancy in the boardroom rewards of private and public industry is its effect on the whole salary structure in the two sectors. The relatively low rewards in nationalised industries have, to quote the Committee of Inquiry into the Electrical Supply Industry, 'acted as a ceiling for all salaries of intermediate management and technical staff, which have been compressed between the increased wages and salaries of the lower grades and the fixed remuneration at the top'. If, the committee added, the salaries of top management 'are kept out of scale with outside industry, men who are dissatisfied will leave entirely an industry which in this country is now a public monopoly'.

The same anxieties were voiced in the Fleck Committee's report on the National Coal Board, which put the point bluntly: 'The present salaries of full-time board members are not enough to attract the best people to future board membership, whether or not it is assumed that most of these people must come from within the industry. The present salaries are inadequate in relation both to the responsibilities of the job and the qualities and standing which the board member should have'.

It is not just the nationalised industries which are affected: every other branch of the public service – the civil service, teaching, community services and even politics – is aware of the pulling power of the private sector. Senior civil servants especially are the targets of tempting offers, for they bring to private employment both their own great abilities and experience of considerable value. During most of the post-war period, moreover, rewards in the civil service have been substantially smaller than those offered even by the nationalised industries. Indeed as recently as 1957, when the Royal Commission's revised pay scales were introduced, the highest government official, the Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, received £5,000 a year, and all other civil servants' salaries were correspondingly lower.

The question of wastage did arise during the deliberations of the Royal Commission. But the point was neither properly explored by the Commission nor made the subject of full scale research on the part of the Treasury. In particular, the evidence submitted excluded figures of those who retired voluntarily after the age of 50 or left the service retaining their title to superannuation benefit. These omissions are important for a number of senior men, having secured a substantial retirement pension, are at the very point in their careers when they are likely to consider most favourably offers from outside.

Among the very senior men who have left over the age of 50 are Sir Eric Speed, Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office, who joined the Anglo-Australian Corporation; Sir John Woods, Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, who joined English Electric and other large companies; and Sir Henry Wilson Smith, a Second Secretary at the Treasury, who joined the Board of Powell Duffryn as chairman. Since the Royal Commission report in 1955, Sir James Helmore, Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Supply, has become chairman of the city firm of Hetch, Lewis and Kahn and a director of S. G. Warburg, the merchant bankers; and Sir William Strath, his successor, is now managing director of British Aluminium Co; Mr Clement Leslie, head of the Central Office of Information, has joined AEI.

The wastage from the Inland Revenue is unusually high and particularly important. Two Commissioners of Inland Revenue, Mr S. P. Chambers, now chairman of ICI and Mr Francis Cockfield, now finance director of Boots & Co, have left the public service in the past decade. Among officials of slightly lower rank, the exodus has been much greater. As one writer puts it: 'the demand today is for financial experts with specialist knowledge of taxation as well as administration. Many young inspectors from Somerset House are gamekeepers turned poachers'.

It is here that one is forced to reflect upon the changing nature of work and life in the large corporations, the personnel policies they pursue, the power and authority exercised by corporate leaders. Less and less are the boardrooms of great corporations filled by rough-hewn men in the old tradition of the successful entrepreneur. More and more – and when one notes the institutional connections with the public schools and the universities, no one can doubt the future trend – are they occupied by men of the same social class and school or university background as the civil service itself.

In the vast, stable and permanent establishments of modern industry, far removed from the vulgar higglings of the market, the newly-recruited senior civil servant may well find an atmosphere hardly to be distinguished from the one he has just left. The work itself may be little more than a continuation of what he has previously been engaged on.

Two developments seem possible. One – and it is the more likely – would be the acceptance that recruitment into private industry is the natural destination of the most talented and gifted members of the society: and that the civil service, the universities, teaching and other community services should be content with men and women of lower calibre. This in fact is what has happened in the United States, where university teaching and government service have an accepted status and rewards far lower than in the business corporations.

Such a development would, of course, powerfully affect the relation between industry and the state and would vastly augment the already over-weening power of the great corporations. In the crucial field of taxation this trend is already well advanced in Britain. Both in number and in quality, the tax experts available to industry far outweigh the human resources available to the Inland Revenue – with incalculable losses to public funds.

The acceptance of permanent inferiority in the public sector of industry would, however, have still greater results. When, for example, crucial diplomatic tasks arose in the state sector, it would then seem natural that these should be undertaken not by the state's own professional servants but by leading men seconded from the corporate world. Similarly when the state services need advice and reorganisation, it would be natural to turn to the successful leaders of private industry. The state services would in these circumstances become widely infiltrated by private interests. For many of its most vital decisions it would become accustomed to turning to men whose allegiance as far as rewards, past experience and future prospects were concerned, were deeply rooted in the corporate world.

The second and less probable future development would be for the state services to gear their rewards to those paid in private industry.

There are already some signs of development in this direction. The 1955 Royal Commission on civil service pay took as its guiding principle what it called 'fair comparison'. To give substance to this somewhat nebulous concept the Royal Commission recommended – and its recommendation was accepted – that a special and independent civil service Pay Research Unit be established, to investigate comparable employment and rewards in non-governmental work.

More recently two other investigations concerned with public employees have argued for a similar basis in determining their rewards. The Royal Commission on Doctors' Pay 1960 made considerable use of researches into rewards received in other professions and in management, while the Guillebaud Report on railwaymen's pay made a comprehensive study of comparable outside pay rates to argue its case for a substantial increase in railway pay.

NEXT WEEK

C. H. ROLPH

Hanging's No Answer

PETER TOWNSEND

Freedom and Equality

A critique of the new trends in Conservative social policy

Should the principle of 'fair comparison' be generally applied, then of course – conditions of work and fringe benefits apart – the clear margin of advantage would substantially narrow. This is indeed a possible development for the nationalised industries, as Dr Beeching's appointment suggests, and would hasten the process already at work by which they are becoming increasingly modelled on private corporations.

In the civil and community services, however, major obstacles would be encountered. In the first place, since private industry could be expected to compete with some vigour, a serious inflationary movement in salaries could easily ensue. In the second place, 'fair comparison' in the state services would entail substantial and continuing increases in the costs of public services – costs which, unlike those of the private sector, must fall upon the tax payer. Should these difficulties be overcome, the consequence would still be a substantial growth in income inequalities.

We may deplore this. But while the public sector remains the junior partner in the mixed economy, we have to face either the erosion of standards in public service or their inflation to the levels comparable to those in private enterprise. We may, indeed, get the worst of both worlds. The rewards in the public trading enterprises, such as electricity and atomic energy, will be forced up, while those in the civil and community services such as education, welfare and the like continue to fall behind. The double standard, so characteristic of the affluent society, will then be imposed on the public sector as well.

What can be done? Short of a substantial extension of the public sector, the only point at which the problem can be immediately tackled is the limitation of the rewards of corporate wealth. It is all very well to say that present tax-rates are so stiff that a salary of £24,000 may mean less than £7,000 net. But in real terms this is simply not true, at least for the directors and executives of large firms. There are top-hat pension schemes, special capital payments, stock options, the payment of school fees, 'business' trips abroad, the provision of cars, houses and charge-accounts at hotels and restaurants. All these are 'legitimate' forms of tax avoidance, worth very substantial sums of taxable income. Many of these could be dealt with either by more stringent tax regulations, or by introducing new devices such as an expenditure tax.

The most direct attack however would be to bring under public control the salary ceilings of corporate enterprise. Of course, this would be bitterly resisted, but unless and until the unique privilege of determining their own rewards is denied to the controllers of private industry, the gap will not be narrowed

None of these things is easy to do. But they are becoming essential, not solely for economic reasons but because the subsidised 'executive' way of life is leading, and will increasingly lead, to an unbalanced distribution of the nation's talent. J. K. Galbraith has driven home to us the discrepancy in the value we attach to the use of resources by the private as opposed to the public sector. The conditions of those who ride the wave of business prosperity are similarly out of line with those who oversee the public welfare: the imbalance of service is becoming as scandalous as the imbalance of services.

HANGING'S NO ANSWER!

Come to the great Rally at

THE ALBERT HALL

on Tuesday April 18 at 7.30 (doors 7)

Speakers:

Kingsley Amis · Lady Violet Bonham Carter
Christopher Brasher · Col. Frank Byers
The Bishop of Colchester · Johnny Dankworth
John Freeman · Gerald Gardiner, Q.C.
Victor Gollancz *(Chairman)* · Ludovic Kennedy
Sidney Silverman, M.P. · Arnold Wesker

N.B.

This meeting is crucial. The present state of the law will come up for review early next year: so we are entering on the last lap, and must use every moment to impress on the Government the great weight of informed opinion favouring abolition. You will help us greatly by buying your seats *immediately*.

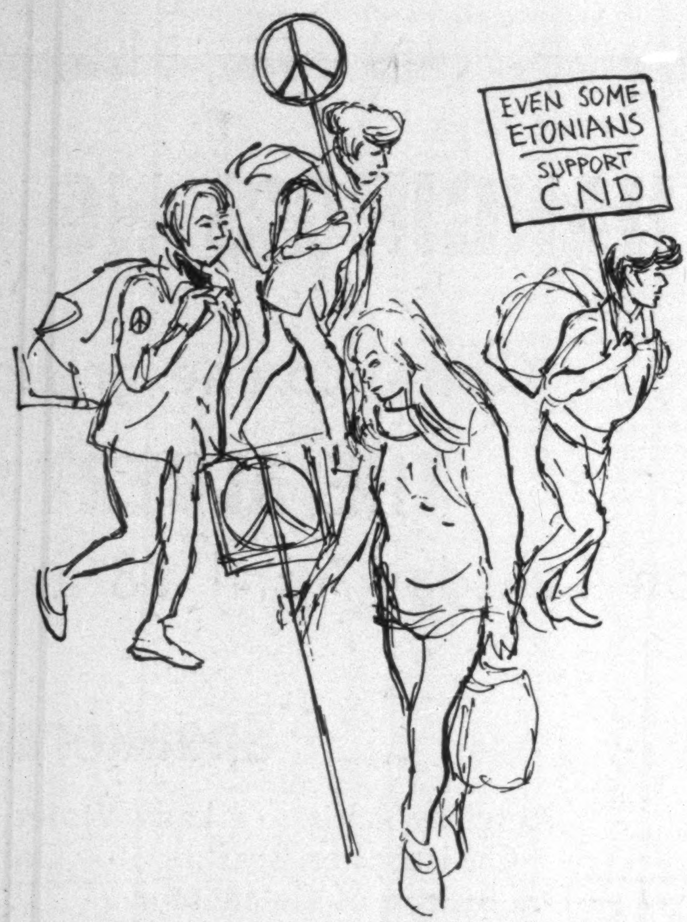
Buy numbered seats (1/- & 2/6) by post now from
NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
14, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.2
Some free seats at the doors on the night
Kensington Town Hall booked for overflow

Marchers' Diary

CHARON & VICKY

The drive there was, like everything else to do with the Good Friday Aldermaston March, slightly fantastic. We stopped in African Kensington to pick up Miss Beryl Parsons, a Jamaican dancer of singular talent, former Queen of Soho, and acknowledged to be the strongest as well as one of the most beautiful women from her island. Being one of nature's humanists, she is anti-Bomb, anti-death, and pro-life. She was not only prepared to march herself but, if necessary, to carry Vicky on her shoulders.

At the end of the Great West Road we were thumbed by two girls with packs who looked like marchers. They weren't. They were Welsh nurses straight off hospital night-duty in London, hitch-hiking their way to Newport for the Easter holidays. We took them on board and they expressed strong anti-nuclear solidarity. They exchanged curious anecdotes from the casualty ward for *faits divers* and *crimes passionelles* from Jamaica. Miss Parsons is far from being an intellectual in the generally accepted sense of the term, yet I was fascinated to note how her instinctive intuitive reactions coincided with those of our most advanced penologists. She remarked, *à propos* Christie, the former War Reserve policeman and a multiple murderer: 'Why hang that man? Dey should put a monster-man like that in some place where people could go see him and find out what make him do those dreadful things. Then we all might learn something useful from him.'


EVEN SOME ETONIANS SUPPORT CND

* * *

We turned right past Reading Gaol and pulled up sharp. I said: 'Let's drink the health of poor old Oscar. If ever there was a man who would not have obliterated a fly, much less a species, it was he. Can't you imagine him marching, puffing and blowing like a grampus in his astrakhan-collared coat and nobly rejecting offers of a ride: "No, no, dear boy: bad form to accept a lift on Calvary 1 – especially when it's such a gay pilgrimage".' We passed round the brandy flask and drank his health with emotion. We then indulged in some rather elaborate literary speculations about possible Aldermastonians one could count on as marchers.

* * *

I expected an emotional experience but I was not prepared for the surge of vitality and normality that came at me like a wave from the field where the marchers were assembling. You at once felt something very strong in the air. Many were young, though all age groups were represented. The oldest marcher on the Aldermaston route was 82. The youngest, I am told, was an infant who had been conceived on the first march and weaned on the second. There was a lot of colour; people seemed cheerful and relaxed. For a moment as I picked my way across the the field I thought: this is really rather like a race-meeting except that there are no bookmakers and no horses – and no litter whatsoever. I very soon noticed the high quality of the organisation. No muddle of any kind. Planning had been masterly. There were all the signs of just that quasi-obsessional perfectionism which is the essence of military logistics.

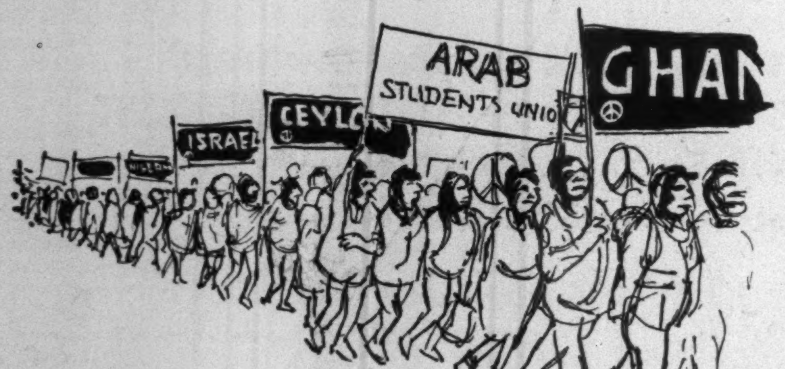
When we broke for tea, for instance, portable lavatories – green for males and brown for females (or was it vice-versa) – had been planted. Vans patrolled the roads on the look-out for children in any kind of trouble, and for sore feet. Marchers' discipline, largely self-imposed, was efficiently flexible. I checked with the police at several points on both marches. Most were cagey. One or two were moderately forthcoming. All agreed that the marchers had given them no trouble whatsoever. One, to whom I talked under the yellowish brick railway arches on the outskirts of Chelmsford, said that he had never seen organisation so faultless. He added: 'But of course they're mad.'

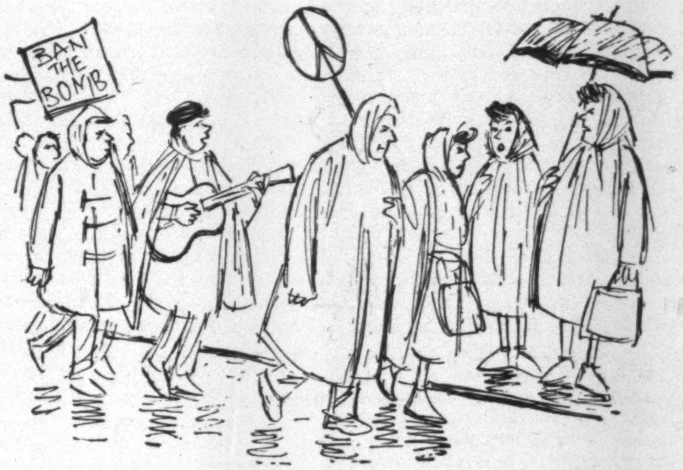
* * *

Vicky and I were allowed to march with the Ebbw Vale contingent. This was suitably cosmopolitan. It included two Scots, three English and, of course, Beryl Parsons, who loped along with an easy stride that suggested she could have done Lands End to John O' Groats. She muttered Christian prayers to keep the threatened rain away, while I improvised a charm with a hard-boiled egg. This I later passed round to be autographed by the Ebbw Vale contingent. They returned it with a few scrawled signatures but kept my ball point. When I protested they said: 'What do you take us for? We are Welsh'. I took the theft as a compliment.

Passing the long fortified enclosure of the Aldermaston establishment with a few of the personnel and several security guards looking dead-pan at us, we felt a slight chill, sensed a rattle of distant bones. The sun came through. It was very springlike. This was altogether much the gayest day of the march.

Sometimes we were even inspired enough to leave our Welsh foster parents and trot along the line joining up for a few minutes with other contingents. Vicky, with his unfailing taste for the exotic, was attracted by Kurdistan, Eton and Ceylon. The Sinhalese





'Ooh, don't they look weird . . ?'

asked him where he came from? Ebbw Vale, he said: 'You had better stay with us, friend,' they said; 'We are a peaceful country'.

* * *

Part of the fun consisted in anticipating the kind of press the march would get. Our perspicacious Welsh friends had got Randolph Churchill beforehand by divination. 'Silly billies . . . boobies . . . namby-pambies . . . fellow-travellers . . . ' They knew the form without prompting. Suddenly, one Cymric wit exclaimed: 'Listen now! I have just heard that Winston has made a codicil to his will. A last and final bequest to the nation. He wishes to have Randolph buried with him! The boy-o must commit not suttee but sonnee! God love us all, if such a thing could come to pass.'

Actually, the biggest surprise came next morning, Saturday, from the *Guardian*. I have noticed for some time that this provincial newspaper has been specialising in a new genre of fusty dullness. Now, it suddenly sprang into strenuous competition with the distortions of the gutter press. Its report, whether inadvertantly or not, gave the impression that the march this year was much reduced in size. It failed to point out – until well down in its story – that this year there were, in fact, two marches – one of which was covered on the back page.

The Times was rather more accurate but it suggested that a number of veteran marchers were now feeling jaded with the Aldermaston ritual and wondering how they could find an excuse for carrying on next year. They should have seen Vicky, certainly a veteran marcher, expressing mounting zeal plus an exact description of just why this march was more exciting than last year's.

* * *

The Beat element, on which the gutter press has always harped, was conspicuously absent. One should perhaps except the Soho contingent, small in size and stature yet curiously impressive and lively in their black rags. Their banner inscribed SOHO SAYS NO became a popular slogan. 'The only bloody thing Soho has ever said no to!' roared our Welsh wag.

Swinging down the hill into Reading in the blue green evening was very near ecstasy. The reception seemed sympathetic – much more so than I had expected. Experienced marchers confirmed that the rubber-neckers were more interested this year than before. Again and again I, who am prone to acute self-consciousness, got the feeling that we were the normals, little Mr and Mrs Everyman the cranks.

Just before the break-up we were pursued along the slanting pavement by a strangely blimpish looking man of military mien. He seemed to be gnawing his scrubbed moustache as if in a frenzy of horror and incredulity. No sympathiser, surely? He looked to me to be in danger of a fit. Vicky nodded. 'All struck fast but none so fast as stroke', he said.

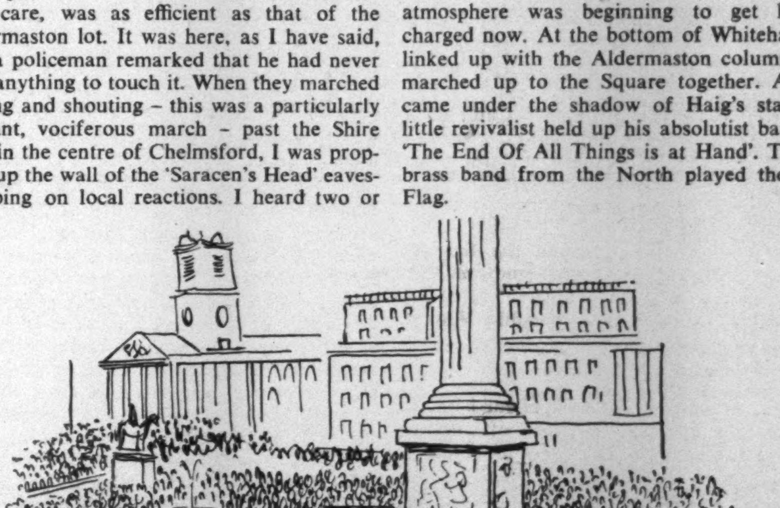
* * *

We caught up with the Essex marchers on Saturday at Chelmsford in the rain. They were suffering from a lot of foot trouble due to wet shoes. They were pushing themselves hard to do the longest single stretch – Braintree to Brentwood. Their morale, however, was fantastically high. Their organisation, which was being put to a quite severe test, especially their provisions for medical attention and child-care, was as efficient as that of the Aldermaston lot. It was here, as I have said, that a policeman remarked that he had never seen anything to touch it. When they marched singing and shouting – this was a particularly militant, vociferous march – past the Shire Hall in the centre of Chelmsford, I was propping up the wall of the 'Saracen's Head' eavesdropping on local reactions. I heard two or three people make the usual hackneyed philistine comments: 'Mad . . . need a good spanking . . . if that girl's hair was much longer she could dry her toes on it.' But one man took a rather original view. 'If', said he, 'these maniacs can put on a show like this for what they call peace, what couldn't they do if they really meant business?'

* * *

On Easter Monday we watched from a car the Essex marchers debouch from Stratford into the East End proper and set out along Mile End Road, in sullen curtain-rod rain. Our plan had been to follow them as far as Gardiner's Corner, hard by the site of the famous battle of Cable Street in the Thirties when the East End – expertly assisted, incidentally, by Mr Jack Spot, not in some respects an otherwise model citizen – had barred Mosley. Then we would drive round and rejoin our Ebbw Vale contingent, get out and march in with them. Vicky, however, began to suffer from marcher's guilt and itching feet. We tried to restrain him. No use. A hundred yards or so beyond Gardiner's Corner he sprang out and joined the Dulwich contingent. By virtue of a remote residential connection, an uncle who once lived near the Crystal Palace and kept monkeys in his conservatory, I joined him. A sudden attack of collywobbles sent me dashing to a bar for a dose of that heroic and infallible remedy, brandy and port mixed. Not ideal to run on.

Coming along the Embankment the neighbouring Yorkshiremen brought showers of heavy drops and buds down from the trees with their ingenious and elaborate banner pointing out how unilateral disarmament was applied successfully in the Wild West. Coloured street-sweepers raised brooms. The atmosphere was beginning to get highly charged now. At the bottom of Whitehall we linked up with the Aldermaston column and marched up to the Square together. As we came under the shadow of Haig's statue a little revivalist held up his absolutist banner: 'The End Of All Things is at Hand'. Then a brass band from the North played the Red Flag.



'As I was saying, all the youngsters are interested in is rock 'n' roll . . .'

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Throughout our long years of rationing my family received food parcels regularly from South Africa – and, believe me, it was not the Negroes who sent them. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (P. Isbester.)

Following the recent car rallies organised by the staff of Pye Telecommunications, a larger venture is now being embarked upon by the formation of a Haverhill Car Club, open to all, and which is aimed at providing an outlet for keen motorists with nowhere to go. – *South-West Suffolk Echo.* (F. A. Bigmore.)

Despite all teaching to the contrary, I think ants are stupid. For more than 20 years I have been trying to prove to them that my kitchenette is not only unsuitable for them but disastrous. And although I hate doing it, I have had to destroy them in large numbers during two decades. I don't want to kill them. I just don't want them in the house. – Letter in *Evening News.* (Stephen Morris.)

Compulsory earlier rising by Act of Parliament is one of the most serious infringements of individual liberty yet imposed on us. This nonsensical Summer Time law should be repealed.

It encourages a process of burning the candle at both ends, and cutting the period of sleep. This nerve-racked, drug-addicted country needs more sleep, not less. – *Daily Herald.* (K. E. Jones.)

A 44-year-old husband preferred to take his dog Polly to bed with him rather than his pretty, 28-year-old wife, a divorce court judge said yesterday.

And because the husband was not prepared to make Polly sleep elsewhere, the wife moved into another room.

'It must have been very distressing and degrading for her to take second place to a dog.' said Mr Justice Scarman. – *Daily Herald.* (D. E. Rees.)

Dutch Treat

TOM DRIBERG

Brighton, obviously; Paris, yes, or Cannes; but has any Briton, in an old-fashioned musical or addressing a loved one in real life, ever said: '*I* know – let's go to *Rotterdam* for the week-end'?

It seems improbable. The very name of the place is unappealingly gritty. Yet Rotterdam is not only a substantial commercial city (claiming, rather surprisingly, to be the world's second seaport, because greater in turnover of goods even than London or Hamburg, and sponsoring a gigantic new 'Europort' project): it is also an agreeable place in which to enjoy the simpler pleasures.

Everyone has his own simpler pleasures: mine include drinking cool beer, staring at animals, window-shopping with plenty of elbow-room, and, most particularly, looking at old or new buildings and statues of quality – and Rotterdam provides all these pleasures within a reasonable compass. I put beer first in order to dispose of it cursorily, and because Rotterdam did not seem to me to be, gastronomically, an important centre. Dutch beer is excellent and seems, unlike any other in the world, to contain some prophylactic against hangovers.

Political business had taken me to Rotterdam, and I shall not report on that here; but it was fascinating to find that the congress-hall in which we deliberated daily was set in a large and park-like zoo, and to imagine in the tame-wild beasts surveying us incuriously, as we passed with our bulging brief-cases, some Swiftian similitudes – not, of course, to any individuals or 'elements' in either the Dutch or the British Labour Party, but to politicians whom one seemed to have read about somewhere.

For here were quite a big herd of unforgetting elephants, pacing slowly round and round their dusty hemisphere and never getting anywhere, like an argument about disarmament; the monkeys behaved with their usual unscrupulousness ('too clever by half'); the South African *blauwe gnoe* (blue gnu), or wildebeest, looks blue spiritually rather than physically, its colour being actually a kind of drab, mottled slate-grey; the zebras could hardly help their natural showiness, the rodents their aptitude for gnawing and boring, the gaudy parrots and delicately pink flamingoes their shrillness; while the owls (including some delightful white snow-owls) sat in such utter immobility on perches near the tea-room that one increasingly doubted the authenticity of their conventional reputation. Perhaps those 'wise', occasionally blinking, old masks conceal not profound thought but total vacuity?

I know of no other place quite like Rotterdam – except Coventry. For the great fact about Rotterdam is that it is one of the cities, heavily damaged in the war, which have made a really impressive job of post-war rebuilding. On 14 May 1940, its central area – some square mile – and much of its harbour were almost completely destroyed. The first reconstruction plan was begun within three days of the bombing; but this was, naturally enough, a plan for rebuilding a replica of what had been lost. Fortunately, a much more radical plan was adopted after the war, and has been carried out consistently. Londoners, looking with angry shame at their own City, with its gruesome alternation of weed-infested wastes and close-crowded, characterless office-blocks, may envy Rotterdam its wide and airy streets, the diversity of its modern buildings (not all, indeed, perfectly 'contemporary' but including one big store designed by Marcel Breuer), and particularly its rediscovery, by means of a new embankment and boulevard, of its river.

The comparison with Coventry occurs to me chiefly in the town-centre, in which the shops have independent show-cases the size of small houses, all of glass, in the middle of the wide pavements, and few old buildings survive; but one of these does slightly invalidate the comparison, for whereas the Gothic shell of Coventry Cathedral is being supplemented by Basil Spence's controversial essay in modernity, the comparable church in the centre of Rotterdam – the Grote Kerk of St Lawrence – is, apparently, being rebuilt as a precise reconstruction of what it was before.

It was in this Protestant church, however, that I saw a striking example of another creditable, and un-English, addiction of the Rotterdammers – their taste for public modern statuary: a bronze font, in form a wide shallow basin on three inverted-pyramid legs, with three thin, stylised, naked human figures standing on it with arms raised in exaltation. This work, by Hans Petri of Dordrecht, seemed to me one of the most coherent and expressive of the new works of art so lavishly disposed about Rotterdam's public places; but the most famous of these – the one that no visitor can miss – is Zadkine's symbolical statue of the Stricken City, a human figure, again, with arms raised, but this time to ward off the horror from the skies; contorted in agony, yet defiant.

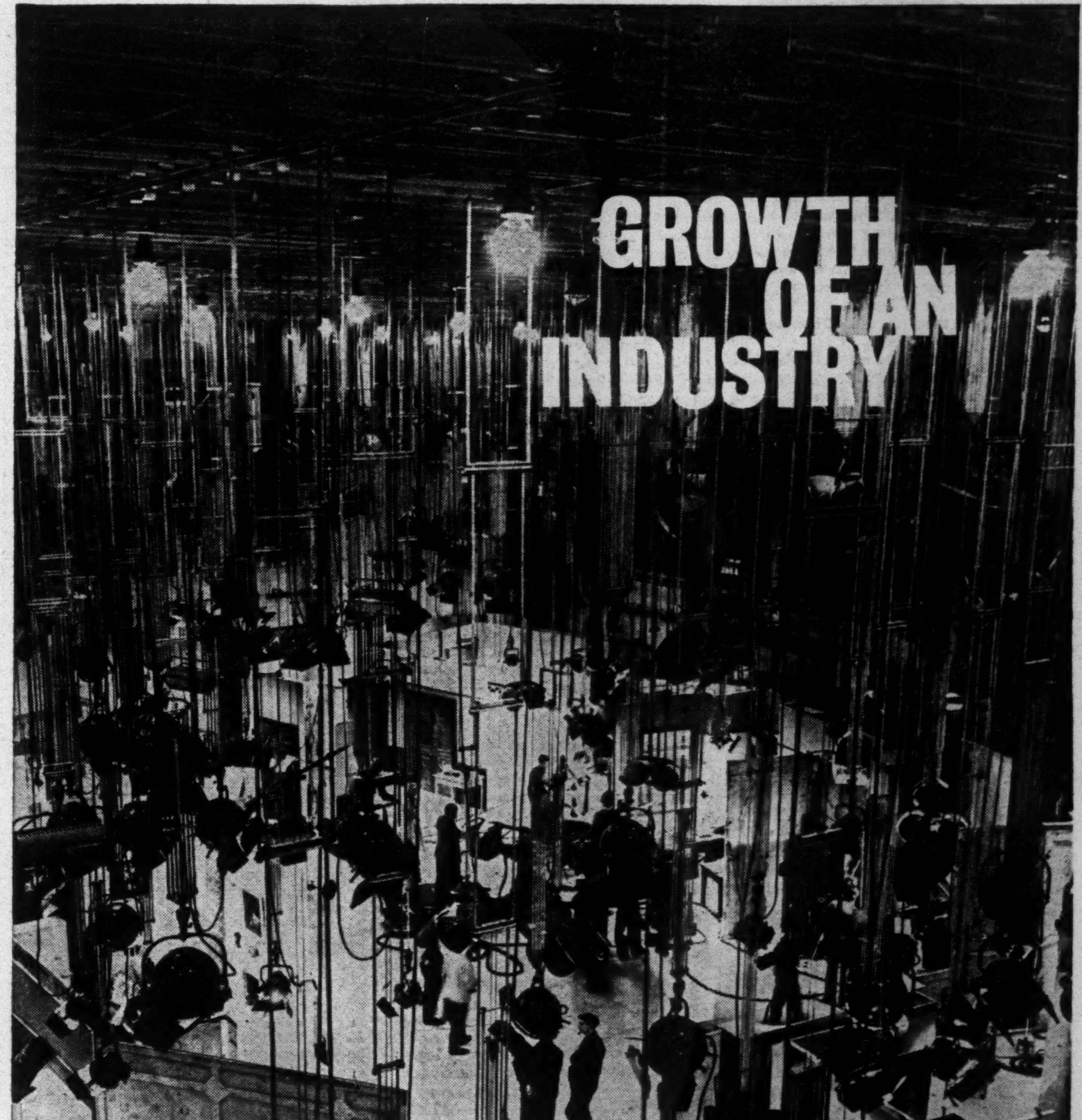
A gigantic constructivist-abstraction by Naum Gabo, which looks interesting in photographs, was temporarily boxed in for repair; but I saw the Henry Moore relief in brick on the front of the Building Centre, an extraordinary and powerful equestrian piece by Marino Marini (in which the horse – if it is a horse: it may be a steer – is rearing up so violently that its rider leans back horizontally), and, quaintest of all, a representational figure of a plump complacent burgher called 'Monsieur Jacques', which is, I was assured, an affectionately satirical portrait of a typical Dutchman.

Monsieur Jacques

Most remarkable of all the new buildings in the city centre is a recently opened Dominican church, well adapted for any future developments of the movement for liturgical reform: a vast, stark cube of brick and glass, with an open campanile in which three bells clang restlessly. But, apart from St Lawrence's, I noted one older church that had survived the bombing: the old Catholic church of St Peter and St Paul, a well-proportioned relic in restrained baroque. Here, on Palm Sunday, a procession of children went to and fro in some disarray, one of them bawling in acute distress, unavailingly shushed by the earnest young lady teacher who had, no doubt, coached them in the carols they piped uncertainly. The stolid Dutch congregation watched inscrutably as these tots filed past, carrying – a detail I have not seen except in Holland – home-made crosses from which dangled oranges, bananas, and other eatables, and decked, of course, with flowers.

Flowers are, I think, the only thing that tourists do go to Holland in the spring to see. They are – it is an understatement – worth seeing. Not a long drive from Rotterdam is Keukenhof, an ample park in which growers stage elaborate living displays of their products. In comparison with those massed here, Wordsworth's daffodils are like a Church Lad's Brigade turn-out at Keswick compared with an October Revolution Day march through Red Square. 'Beside the lake, beneath the trees,' they stand in proud competition, shoulder to shoulder (or whatever the anatomy of daffodils is); and there are glasshouses, too, one given over entirely to the tremendous and flamboyant amaryllis, another housing some 600 varieties of tulip.

One disadvantage of some foreign travel does not bother the visitor to Holland: it really is true that almost everyone there



Part of Stage D in ATV's new £4,000,000 Studio Centre at Elstree, to be opened today, 7th April, by Dr. The Rt. Hon. Charles Hill, P.C., M.P., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LIMITED

speaks, or understands, some English. I was discussing with a Dutch Socialist the respective contributions of our languages to current international speech and quoted the usual English instances – bar, football, WC, and such. 'The only Dutch word which is known the world over,' he said sadly, '*is apartheid*.'

Some Dutch words one can fairly easily guess at, but some seem, to us, appallingly uncouth. I couldn't, for instance, unravel *witterungsverhältrissen* (weather conditions) or *brandbestrijdingsmiddeten* (fire-fighting appliances). But English words are always confronting one: it was comforting to look down from the dizzily out-sloping windows of the restaurant on top of the several-hundred-feet-tall Euromast and to see, on the roofs of the dockside sheds below, the names of such ancient harbours as King's Lynn in block letters as big as those used for Hamburg or New York.

Driving to the Zoo on my first morning, however, I did suffer a faint spasm of anxiety – needless, for I had leave of absence – when I saw, large and stern on a hoarding ahead, the two English words CHIEF WHIP. This, I learned, was (inexplicably, unless the English phrase has been misunderstood and the Dutch are students of Mario Praz) the name of a popular brand of cigarettes. I brought two packets of them home with me as presents – one for Mr Michael Foot, one, of course, for Mr Herbert Bowden.

The Shortest Distance

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The West Loamshire Hunt is popular, even with the foxes. Its riders spend much of the day hunting hounds, which tend to get lost in the first covert; and when, to ensure a real day's sport, they bring their own fox in a sack, this fox tends to get lost too, which means that as a result of one day's hunting the fox population is increased by one. If a fox happens to be caught, he is treated almost as a Hunt Member and may expect to be driven home to tea in a van with such of the hounds as have been rounded up.

This Easter, the hunt organised a point to point – no doubt to raise cash to replace missing hounds and foxes, but also just to have fun; and, though the afternoon's events might have made Euclid think twice about his definition of a straight line, they confirmed my belief that the only source of real fun is the banana skin, even if you slip on it yourself.

You wind along B-class roads, down clay tracks, and across grass fields already worn shiny by the tyres of 1000 or more cars. You realise that the rust on your Daimler is moving faster than your Daimler's engine when the wing drops off. However, a man in a haymaking hat steps out of a Rolls Royce (upright, cabriolet body, fully disc wheels, late Nineteen-Twenty) and helps you to stow the wing in your boot. This man is still laughing gently when he is run into by a Lagonda, all glittering brass and boom, early Thirties (owner wearing deerstalker, slightly fashionable). The cavalcade at last proceeds, and soon catches up with members of the West Loamshire Hunt who, this day, are working. They take £2 off you or, if you can really turn your pockets out and show nothing, £1. Then they direct you up the wrong line, until you reach the top, where another member of the hunt directs you into a place reserved for someone else. Here you can see the course.

Its a typical English country scene. The Loamhills, coming green with spring, crinkle across the horizon like a backcloth; and here and there, the sun glints on electricity pylons. A favourable breeze carries off the smoke from the billowing cement works; and you can see the horses – if they run. In the first race, no horses run. Only one has declared. All he has to do, to win the 30 sovereigns prize, is to trot past the judges' stand. He manages this without falling; so we settle to picnics and gin – which reminds me that, if neither the cars nor the clothes are expensive, the faces certainly are. The chap in front of us arrived red and is now purple. I am just watching the bottle go down for the sixth time when the loud speaker comes on. It's the Boat Race.

Oxford, I understand, have got scientific diets, scientific oars and scientific pink tights; but unhappily, so the loud speaker tells me, they have not got a scientific anchor for their stake boat. While they are waiting, they replace their tights and nearly capsize, and the commentator has lost the umpire. Cambridge, it appears, are rowing in the wrong direction which, whatever way you look at it, seems satisfactory to me. Clearly, the West Loamshire Hunt is running the Boat Race, too.

By and by, the crews, according to the commentator, are off. The sun is warm. Corks pop agreeably until, about Hammersmith Bridge, I notice that the face of the chap in front has changed from purple to scarlet. As he hurriedly opens another bottle, I join him and for a minute or two there is silence in our souls. When at last, shaken, I stagger back to my own car, my wife mentions the colour of my face, and we both try to concentrate on the serious business on hand – which is the second race of this point to point.

In this, for those who, like me, follow the party line, there is one dead snip. It is Red Foot, out of Red March, owned by a Major Wilson and ridden by a Mr Healey. Short of the thing being owned by a Captain Bellenger and ridden by a Mr Wyatt, the party-meeting man could not wish for a better tip. I give my daughter her instructions. After the race, she comes back glowing. 'Wonderful!' she says. 'We were right by the first fence. Two jockeys got kicked in the eye and another one is still unconscious. It was a real X-Certificate hedge'. She had also backed the winner by taking a tip from someone who had been listening outside the jockeys' changing tent and so knew who was going to 'do' whom. Red Dean had not started.

For the next race I gave instructions to my son. He was not only to listen outside the jockeys' changing tent but was to put his head under the tent flaps. I await his information. I get it two races later. It is useless. My son has had his head under the flaps of the tent which housed the riders in the Adjacent Hunt Ladies Race. When asked why, after discovering his mistake, he delayed so long, his answers are equivocal. In the meantime, I have backed Barefoot, out of Left Half, owned by Mr Castle, ridden by Mr Greenwood. Though I never saw the horse, I did see his jockey who arrived, five minutes after the finish, riding double-banked behind another jockey who had kindly given him a lift.

The loud speakers now intervene. 'Will Mr Plowright kindly bring his mount to the Paddock at once?' Snap. Then on again 'Will Mrs Dodo Silchristhaven . . . Beg pardon? . . . what's the right name? . . . Oh . . . Will *Miss* Dodo Silchristhaven kindly report at once to *Mr* Silchristhaven . . .' Snap. ('Otherwise,' says the purple-faced man, whom I have rejoined, 'Mr Silchristhaven will declare her a Ward in Chancery') Snap. On again. 'Will all dog owners kindly put their pets into their cars before the fifth race? We all saw what happened in the fourth. And will Mrs Park Jones-Jones kindly present herself in the paddock to present the prizes?'

I go in search of prizes, not from Mrs Park Jones-Jones, but from Sam, my bookie. Sam is working overtime. So is his clerk, trying to smooth the pages of his ledger in the wind and to move his lips fast enough to write down the bets Sam calls to him. Sam takes my money and gives me a card which, as I have now abandoned the party line, is marked Mac the Third, out of Blue Sky. This wins by about 50 lengths and I walk up the hill to interview Sam. When found, at the end of a jinking, erratic course, he is a little breathless. He had come to the course with nothing in his satchel except a packet of sandwiches; and now, just because, this time, more punters than one have had their heads under the right tent flaps, he can't pay out. Several people are speaking to him, angrily and breathlessly. They include a number of stewards, also breathless, from the West Loamshire Hunt who explain to Sam that this sort of thing is simply not done at *their* point to point. Sam does not seem particularly impressed. He would have been far more impressed by Euclid – if the latter had only warned him that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

Correspondence

THE FACELESS BUREAUCRAT

SIR, – Richard Crossman's article raises a number of important issues.

Mr Crossman is worried, and thinks that the trial will do harm to Jews in general, and to Israel in particular. 'Eichmann's personality appears to be his complete featurelessness. He belongs to that army of faceless bureaucrats who conscientiously kept the Third Reich going long after defeat was inevitable'. Crossman here summed up Eichmann perfectly. And, I believe, that this is one of the chief lessons to be derived from the trial of Eichmann.

The fate of Eichmann personally is not of great significance. Whether he is sentenced to death, or to life imprisonment is a minor matter, but what is important is the lesson to be driven home for our and future generations, for Jews and Gentiles lest we forget. Namely, that it is the faceless bureaucrats who keep the machine of the state functioning. It is people like Eichmann who serve first Hitler, and then Adenauer, who are prepared to perpetrate the most hideous crimes against Jews and humanity, by devising a so-called final solution to the Jewish problem, that is, by exterminating them.

One must not forget for one moment that Adenauer took over practically the whole German *Beamtentum* from the Nazi State apparatus. Adenauer did not smash the state apparatus. He did remove people with left views, but former Nazis like Globke, General Heusinger and scores of others crowd the offices of the German government. Adenauer's aims of rearming Germany, opposing a settlement between East and West, have the same underlying aims that Hitler had before the war; though of course employing different means from Hitler, the goal remains the same: *Drang nach Osten*. Hitler, like Adenauer now, could only pursue such aims with the aid of such faceless

There's more to life than meets the landsman's eye: much more, for three-quarters of the world is covered by ocean—challenging, capricious, and a hard taskmaster for those who make their living by it. But science gives the sailor powerful help. At I.C.I.'s Brixham research station, scientists study the effects of sea air and salt water on ships and their gear. Specially tough marine paints are one result; another, ingenious anti-fouling compositions, which slowly release a chemical compound to repel the barnacles that are always seeking lodgings below the water-line. To trawlermen, I.C.I. means 'Terylene'—the polyester fibre that's made into nets that stand up magnificently to the rough-and-tumble of the sea-bottom. When the sea is the enemy, I.C.I. scientists are staunch allies.

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HIDDEN
DEPTHS

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bureaucrats like Eichmann or Globke. West Germany today is potentially and actually a hive for anti-semitic and anti-democratic tendencies, simply because the faceless bureaucrats are permitted to carry on, and have not been brough to justice. Globke under Hitler drafted the Nuremberg Laws against the Jews, and today drafts the laws of Adenauer's 'democracy' which bans peace campaigns and the Communist Party, and encourages revanchist tendencies in Germany.

It is not surprising that Adenauer is worried about the Eichmann trial in case the prisoner 'spills the beans', and incriminates many of his associates, who are holding at the present moment official positions in Germany. But it is really staggering to find the Chairman of the Labour Party acting as the apologist for the faceless bureaucrats of the Hitler and Adenauer governments.

Mr Crossman ends his article criticising the staging of Eichmann's trial by linking it up with aspects of home and foreign policy pursued by Mr David Ben Gurion in Israel, policies which people are entitled to criticise and be strongly opposed to them, as the writer of this letter is. However, one fails to see the logical connection between them and the impending Eichmann trial.

CHIMEN ABRAMSKY

5 Hillway, N6

SIR, – Mr Crossman regrets Israel's trial of Eichmann. Most Jews feel the same way. It is most regrettable that no other civilized country has made any attempt to capture this criminal and bring him to justice and it has been left to Israel to carry out this necessary action.

Mr Crossman anticipates that the trial will provoke anti-semitic feelings. History shows that anti-semites require no provocation and as Mr Crossman himself points out Eichmann felt only contempt for the submissive Jew and great admiration for the nationalism of the Yishuv.

Mr Crossman fears that the revelations of the extermination camps will dull people's sensitivity so that they will no longer see or feel the horror. This may be true of many people but there are many others who will never become insensitive to the planned extermination of innocent people. There are many who will never cease to hear the anguished cries of the victims of human barbarism whether in Auschwitz, Sharpville, Varkuta or Hiroshima. It is on these people that the future of mankind depends and it is they who will protect us from the multitude of Faceless Bureaucrats that abound this earth.

J. B. POZNANSKY

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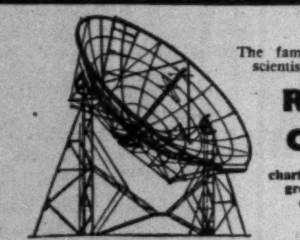
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HEINEMANN

ALDERMASTON AND AFTER

SIR, – As a non-unilateralist member of the Labour Party, I would say that your comment on the latest Aldermaston march is the most sensible thing to have appeared in your journal on this subject for a long time: but, in view of the cartoon appended to it and of your previous pronouncements, may I ask what conclusions you draw from your analysis?

You are right in saying that the so-called defence debate is 'a struggle which has very little to do with disarmament or defence and a great deal to do with an internal struggle for power' and that 'in the process Labour is fast ceasing to be an effective party' – so much so that an external observer, Professor Beer of Harvard (writing in the latest *Political Quarterly*), very reasonably forecasts permanent 'democratic one-party government for Britain'.

Do we really *want* this to happen? And at a moment when the Conservatives are about to split openly over Africa, and to lose support heavily as a result of the Health Service charges and their disastrous economic policies? It will surely be the most serious indictment of those now engaged in forcing out the leadership, if the Labour Party in a year's time is faced with a situation in which it is prevented from sweeping back into power solely by its lack of a leader of national reputation and stature.

Mr Gaitskell has been accused of betraying the democratic nature of the party by his rejection of conference decisions. But surely his duty, as the Leader of the Party, is to consider what policy is likely to be acceptable, not merely to the card-carrying members of the party – a quite small proportion of the electorate – but to the mass of Labour voters, without whose support the party is nothing. There is, of course, no completely watertight method of ascertaining this; but one strong indication is provided by the Gallup Poll, which recorded that in late March, of all Labour voters interviewed, 35 per cent supported the government's defence policy, 26 per cent the NEC-TUC position, and 30 per cent that of the unilateralists, who therefore have the support of somewhat less than a third of Labour voters. These proportions are fairly steady: in the Gallup Poll held immediately after Scarborough, with a different sample, the corresponding figures were 34 per cent, 27 per cent, 31 per cent, so that if anything, the long-run trend is away from unilateralism. I do not see, therefore, how Mr Gaitskell can be expected, in the name of party unity of all things, to adopt a policy to which the great majority of Labour voters are opposed. But the fault does not lie with him.

COLIN PEPWORTH
ex-Chairman,
Oxford University Labour Club

Brasenose College
Oxford

A FOUR-YEAR PLAN

SIR, – Mr Harold Wilson's plan for Britain is full of proposals with which no Labour supporter can disagree. All the same, its whole statistical foundation is extremely sketchy and unconvincing, and merely serves further to debase the value of the much-abused word 'plan'.

The foundation of Mr Wilson's belief that his programme would involve no undue budgetary problem is the 'plan' that domestic expenditure in 1962 would be over £27½m compared with about £21¾m in 1960 – a rise of 27½ per cent in only two years. Even if one leaves aside the insupportable consequences this would have for a balance of payments that is already disturbingly weak, such an increase in output is inconceivable and it is irresponsible to use it as the base for any plan. A 27½ per cent rise in total production would probably involve a rise of industrial production of at least 40 per cent, since a great deal of the rest of national output is very inelastic. No such increase is conceivable with a labour force which is nearly fully-employed and physical capacity which cannot be increased significantly faster between now and 1962.

Beyond this, Mr Wilson's argument is based on a belief in the virtues of raising the ratio of fixed investment to domestic output. Undoubtedly, we should raise this ratio – but noone should believe it is an easy remedy. For one thing, the ratio has risen steadily from 14.8 per cent in 1952 to about 18.8 per cent in 1960 without any remarkable effect on the economy. For another, in a fully-employed economy which cannot borrow abroad, the increased investment has to be financed by reducing current consumption below what it might have been. A realistic estimate of full capacity output in 1962 would be at most £24m. If the investment ratio were stepped up from its present level in the ways suggested in the plan, and if one optimistically assumes a capital output ratio of 3:1 and that new equipment only takes a year to install, simple arithmetic shows that total consumption in each of the years 1963 to 1965 would be about £¾m below what it could have been if the plan had not been put into operation. It would not be until 1967 that consumption would be rising faster than in the absence of the plan, and consumption levels would only catch up with what they might have been about 1970. Thereafter, the growth of consumption would be incomparably faster if the plan had been in operation. But the important and unpalatable fact is that the encouragement of growth by higher invesment involves a long wait before it shows obvious benefits to the ordinary man. This is not an argument against such a policy – but it is an argument for intellectual honesty in its presentation.

ALAN DAY

1 Regent Square WC1

SIR, – As a member of the House of Lords, and therefore in the eyes of those profound statesmen, the Labour members of the House of Commons, entirely lacking in intelligence, or indeed any of the qualities valuable to the community, I would not presume to criticise Mr Harold Wilson's Four-Year Plan for Britain. My superficial aristocratic mind is only competent to gather from the intricate profundity of Mr Wilson's article that the politicians and the civil service are to take over the commanding heights of the economy, and I consoled myself with the thought that if, as the result of resolutely excluding the businessman, those heights became neither high nor commanding, somebody experienced in business could be given £24,000 a year to put things right. And how easy it would be to arrange that £23,000 should be taken away in taxation and the incentive to those who enjoy being rich satisfactorily removed.

No doubt it will be more and more difficult to find such men, who will seek wealth elsewhere, just as our actors who have no National Theatre go to America, or as an East German who dislikes the restrictions of Communism escapes over the border. Nevertheless, however improbable the success of Mr Wilson's revolution, and however unpleasant the prospect of a world run by politicians and civil servants, even I, obviously handicapped by sitting for so long on a red bench, saw, when I read Mr Wilson's formidable and intimidating tables of the pattern of decline that something must be done. Poor old England, in spite of all our expenditures on obsolete armaments, in spite of our futile endeavours to keep up with the atomic Joneses, we are obviously on the way out. Everybody beats us, and clearly Mr Wilson proves what crusted old peers arrogantly deny, that we are becoming a second-class power.

And then I noticed a curious thing about Mr Wilson's depressing pattern of decline. The United States, the richest nation in the world with the highest standard of living, is doing almost as badly as we are. Her place in Mr Wilson's tables is lamentably low. While Italy, famous for the dismal poverty of its people, and unable to raise its standard of living to decent levels, is right up at the top, holding a place in Mr Wilson's tables that anybody would envy. So I returned from the usual unprofitable examination of statistics to my somnolent hereditary chamber, convinced that after all it is better not to be too clever by half.

Esher

House of Lords

PORTRAIT OF A KILLER

Sir, – As one who knew and greatly admired the George Nathan of the International Brigade it came as a great shock to read 'Portrait of a Killer'.

It may be that the answers to the final questions posed by Richard Bennett were given to me as we lay in a fox-hole dug into the hillside somewhere on the Cordoba front. It was December and the British Company was in its first action. Already we had lost, notably, Ralph Fox and John Cornford but it was agreed that despite our rawness we had acquitted ourselves well.

Our talk had turned to Socialism, to the cause for which we were fighting. No, George Nathan was not a Socialist, at least he hadn't, up to now, given it much thought. He was a soldier, was proud of the fact that he had worked his way through the ranks and had held a commission in the Guards. And then 'that bastard Mosley', waving a Union Jack, had the nerve to suggest that Jews were aliens. He, a Jew, had done his bit, and more than his bit, for the Old Country. In London he had joined the Jewish Anti-Fascist League and had eventually found his way to Spain because this was an anti-Fascist war.

Two days before he was killed I was told that George Nathan had applied for membership of the Communist Party.

W. Greenhalgh

2 Preston Gardens
NW10

THE PLACE OF WOMEN

Sir, – In spite of Canon Jowett's sneers of superiority, *nothing* in the Epistles is plainer than St Paul's conviction that woman is an impediment to man's spirituality, and that physical contact between the sexes is an impediment to the spirituality of both men and women. St Paul held distorted views on this point, his mysticism contrasting with, say that of Blake for whom the flesh was something 'on which the soul expands her wing'. Anyone with a reading age of 12 can confirm from the *New English Bible* that St Paul's attitude was as I have described it. Not one, but several texts make this plain.

All recent translations are clear on the point. To quote other versions of I Cor. 7, J. B. Phillips has: 'It is a good principle, for a man to have no physical contact with women', and Ronald Knox: 'a man does well to abstain from all commerce with women'. Other texts could be cited. What Canon Jowett persists in doing is to set his personal interpretation against the preferred translations of a whole school of scholars. Perhaps he has a version of his own in preparation which will put right these misguided translators, along with us underlings who are naive enough to think that carefully chosen words are supposed to mean what they say.

James Hemming

Teddington

Sir, – The conclusion of male superiority Mr Rothbaum draws from the reported findings in *adults* of a greater standard deviation of IQ in men is based on the implicit assumption that IQ at maturity is a precise reflection of innate capacity. Not even the most rabid geneticist will now maintain this. Our evidence, at this time, taken from longitudinal studies of child development, would seem to indicate that environmental forces produce most differences in intellectual functioning between male and female and indeed most individuals except the few handicapped by mental deficiencies.

During infancy approximately 1.5 per cent can be expected to exhibit mental defect largely as a consequence of complications of pregnancy and prematurity (these in large measure socio-economically determined). A larger proportion of these are males since for some as yet undetermined cause males are more frequently brain injured *in utero* as evidenced by higher rates for fetel and neonatal deaths, cerebral palsy, epilepsy and even behavioral and learning disorders during childhood. Except for this small fraction differentially injured there are no significant differences during infancy by sex, race or socio-economic status. By three years of age differences begin to appear favouring the upper social strata and castes. These differences grow larger as the children grow older. However there are no sex differences except for a slight preponderance of greater male variability.

The large variability for adults quoted by Mr Rothbaum is larger than any previously reported but it is explainable more parsimoniously by other reasons than that of a large number of male geniuses. The lower end of the IQ distribution in addition to the small number of brain injured individuals probably contains more males because in the lower case motivation for academic achievement and performance on intelligence tests is more severely impaired in males. By the same token the upper end probably contains more males because of the increased motivation and *opportunity* for education and achievement afforded the middle and upper class male. These are the very points Lady Wootton implied in her article.

Benjamin Pasamanick

University Health Centre
Columbus, Ohio

THE CONSISTORY COURT

Sir, – Your pages have often contained references to architectural outrages, and more recently to Consistory Courts. We have had illuminating experience of both.

Last year the small, 12th-century Digswell Parish Church (Herts) published plans for a huge extension in New Town Gothic, together with an invitation to dissenters to protest to the Registrar of Diocese if they were so minded. A group of neighbours, all qualified in various branches of the fine arts, protested. We were supplied by the Registrar with a splendidly archaic preamble addressing our arguments to the Bishop.

'Consistory Court' had no awful significance for us: these were pre-Thomas days. We thought we should be giving evidence before some kind of wise and learned ecclesiastical board of inquiry. But a few days before the 'hearing' was due, a sinister note in a letter from a Church solicitor sent us scurrying off to a solicitor of our own. 'You've had it,' he said (translated from the cautious legal). 'Put up the best show you can, and enter a strong plea for mitigation of costs.' We did that.

The Chancellor was very decent. He accepted our astonishment at finding ourselves litigants against the Vicar when we had supposed ourselves to be objectors to a bad plan. He gave us the 'Rules of Evidence' to read in the lunch-break and offered to adjourn while we found ourselves some witnesses. Unhappily, *we* wanted to be witnesses: we thought that was the whole idea. There was lots of fair play, though, and we got a chance to say our piece. Of course, the Church was not proposing to do anything illegal in its building plan, and we had never seriously supposed that it was. As the Chancellor said to their lawyers: 'Why did you not simply plead that you had no case to answer?'

The costs came to £137.

Now, as far as we know, nobody acted outside the law in this whole deplorable affair. No one even acted in bad faith or with malice. We simply spent £137 acquiring information which is now available to your readers *gratis*: don't get lured into a consistory court. Not even by invitation. And if your local Church wants to build an outrageous extension and offers you the opportunity to object . . . stifle the impulse.

In fairness it should be said that the Bishop has now promised to look into the wording of the 'citation'. We think that a useful addition might be the simple word BEWARE in red, bold face.

Donald Brook
Ralph Brown

Welwyn

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2.30 - 4.30
The Unilateralist Case
STEPHEN SWINGLER MP
JOHN HORNER

5.00 - 7.00
The Alliances and the Way Forward
JUDITH HART MP
STUART HALL

Admission 2/6
Labour Party Membership Cards to be shown

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The British Secret

E. J. HOBSBAWM

The British ruling class is probably the only body of its kind since the Roman patriciate which continues to be taken at its own valuation by the rest of the world. Its immense self-satisfaction is echoed in envious foreign jokes ('Fog in channel, continent isolated'), in the respectful hostility of a Lenin to a Lloyd George, in nightmares about the ubiquity of the Intelligence Service or the perfidy and unspeakable subtlety of the British diplomat, and in a virtually unbroken anglomania which goes back to the early 18th century. The reason for this extraordinary success in public relations is neither British wealth, power, dynamism, nor our national capacity to claim that God put the ace of trumps up the British sleeve; for all these have gone. It is the unique social and political stability of the country. In the past 120 years every state in Europe, except Britain and Sweden, has undergone revolution, invasion, foreign occupation, national liberation, civil war or military *coup d'état*. What, it may be asked, is the British secret?

The most impressive attempt at an answer is in the six volumes of Elie Halévy's *History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century*, which has just been reissued in paperback.* It is a classic work which still, like so many great books from the golden age of historiography between 1890 and 1914, stands up as history rather than as a mere ancient monument. The British have long paid it the tribute due to a classic, a combination of praise and inattention: thus the gaps in our religious and economic history Halévy pointed out in 1913 have not yet been filled. The truth is that by the standards of Edwardian Britain, whose idea of a national history was something like Poole and Hunt's *Political History of England*, and of international history Acton's *Cambridge Modern*, both now sunk almost without a trace, Halévy was about 50 years ahead of his time (53 years, to be precise, for his 1903 monograph on Thomes Hodgskin was not translated until 1956). When he died in 1937 his obituary in the *English Historical Review* was remarkably flattering but almost totally devoid of content.

It is therefore time to disembalm him. Halévy's history is magnificent, especially in its general surveys, though its stately judicial air hides a good deal of special pleading. It is the work of a strong and careful analytical intelligence – the young Proust used to be daunted by it – rather than of great originality. What was 50 years in advance of Edwardian Oxford was already the commonplace of intellectual Paris. It is a classic, but it is also a failure. And it is both for the same reason: because it is a major document about continental liberalism, whose failure it chronicles, as much as about British liberalism, whose success it cannot explain; just as Gibbon is a major document about the 18th century as well as about the Roman Empire.

Halévy was a passionate individualist liberal and anti-socialist, or rather anti-marxist, for he recognised in Marx the ultimate achievement of socialism ('He concludes the ideological history of socialism; after him there is only its political history'). Liberalism was in the family, long-established, emancipated, rich and Jewish-protestant, though his literary grandfather had at one time been a Saint-Simonian. (His father, also more frivolous than the son, was Offenbach's well-known librettist.) Socialism was in the air, but he was a few years too old for the ideological storm which swept so many of his younger colleagues at the *Ecole Normale* – then at the height of its glory and mass-producing intellectual stars of the Republic – during the Dreyfus affair. Nor did his personal contact with the militantly anti-liberal Fabians, whom he knew well, recommend it to him.

Where could the liberal Dreyfusard, squeezed between an insurrectionary Right and a collectivist-revolutionary Left, find an answer to his dilemma? Surely in the only country in which a moderate liberalism actually worked, and whence its 'great political invention . . . representative democracy . . . is spreading with increasing rapidity throughout Europe', perhaps soon to 'become part of the common inheritance of mankind'. Halévy's preface to his lifework in 1913 is a manifesto.

Unfortunately, as a philosopher and an anti-marxist, he made his analytical task difficult or impossible by insisting that 'not interests, but beliefs are what motivate men'. He therefore looked for some guiding ideal to explain British stability, putting his money on Protestant pietism (which had no precise equivalent in France); so much so that undergraduates still think of him chiefly as the man who proved that Methodism prevented revolution in England. But Halévy backed this mainly because the horse that first carried his money refused to run: Benthamite 'philosophic radicalism', about which he wrote what is still the standard work (1901-4). Admittedly this combination of 18th-century rationalism and laissez-faire economics represented the guiding ideal of the British middle class. But if ever a doctrine was adapted to provoke rather than to discourage revolution, to eliminate rather than to foster compromise, it was this iron-hard dogma with which the manufacturing class battered down the resistance of aristocrats, workers and Indian peasants, using the politics of democratic radicalism and enlightened autocracy as occasion suited.

But as he gradually came to realise, 'Methodism' could not explain the absence, and after the 1840s the improbability, of revolution, and later volumes quietly modified the categorical thesis of the first. In the course of his *History* Halévy therefore gradually drew away from his earlier idealist explanations and approached social ones. But here he was hampered by the original plan of the work. For in spite of its immense head-start over contemporary British work in the field, the *History* is fundamentally a straight politico-institutional narrative, based on an excellent ideological analysis, but distinctly weaker on the economic and sociological side. Moreover, 1815 is far too late a starting-point for its particular analysis.

Two social explanations, hinted at in the later volumes, appear to have tempted him. The first was what he believed to be the exceptional strength of the middle classes which, he argued, spanned rather than separated the extremes of wealth in a continuously graduated mass. This was not a good explanation – the French distribution of income was certainly much more equal – and least convincing for the turbulent and class-conscious 1840s to which he applied it. The second was the narrowness and modesty of the British working class. This he believed to be far more interested in good wages and conditions than in the general management of society, which it actually preferred to leave to the ruling and employing classes. The fact, he thought, explained the increasing feebleness of the Labour Party which he analysed with lucid and compassionate contempt after 1918. But even supposing this to be true, was it true only of Britain? If not, why not? And if so, why did not this narrowness of horizon produce an equal political moderation elsewhere? There was no answer.

Halévy thus found himself without an explanation and with a book designed to make it difficult to find one, reduced to little more than the contemporary English platitudes about the British genius for compromise and toleration. But what was worse, were not these also failing? As the *History* proceeds, a growing gloom envelops it. If the first volume opens with a confident manifesto, the last speaks sadly of 'that great epoch during which the British people cherished the splendid illusion that they had discovered in a moderate liberty, and not for themselves alone, but for every nation that would have the wisdom to follow their example, the secret of moral and social stability'.

It was an illusion. There was no such secret, at any rate for other peoples. The first world war, which diverted Halévy from his chronology to write a two-volume Epilogue (1895-1914), killed the liberal era for good: that is to say (as he now implied) the era when the social conflicts implicit in democracy and socialism had been muffled and not overt. The 'age of tyrannies' was upon the world. And the last hope of liberal society, a modest non-revolutionary social democracy, must also fail; for the very narrowness and moderation of labour movements which had kept them out of revolutionary hands, also prevented them

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**A History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century*. By ELIE HALEVY. *Benn*. 6 vols. 12*s*. 6*d*. each.

from achieving any major change in the economic structure. When in doubt, British labour fell back on 'the old programme which was that of bourgeois liberalism fifty years ago', and which, however desirable, was no longer adequate.

Halévy's *History*, like his world, thus concluded with a disillusioned query. And yet, if we blame his world and his politics for the faults of the *History*, we must also give them credit for its merits. France gave him intellectual clarity and the foreigner's capacity to see British phenomena undisturbed by local myths; especially – as in the magnificent first volume – to see them not as self-evident but as requiring explanation. Both these are what makes the *History* still worth reading, even when we consider his questions partial and his answers defective. The experience of a revolutionary country gave him that sensitiveness to the foundations of politics which his British academic contemporaries lacked.

Above all, political passion gave him the courage to devote his life to the superhuman task of writing the history of 19th-century England single-handed and to defy the pedantry of the academic profession in doing so. For it is characteristic of this great, learned and within its limits lasting work that it makes no use of unpublished archives, and that some of its most brilliant parts deal with ill-documented events in the author's adult lifetime: two things which, not so long ago, might well have disqualified him from some British PhD degrees.

The Fly

The fly's sick whining buzz
Appals me as I sit
Alone and quietly,
Reading and hearing it
Banging against the pane,
Bruised, falling, then again
Starting his lariat tour
Round and round my head,
Ceiling to wall to floor.

But I equip myself
To send him on his way,
Newspaper clutched in hand
Vigilant, since he may
Settle, shut off his shriek
And lie there mild and weak
Who thirty seconds ago
Drove air and ears mad
With shunting to and fro.

And I shall not pretend
To any well of pity
Flowing at such a death.
The blow is quick. Maybe
The Hindu's moved to tears,
But not a hundred years
Of brooding could convince
My reason that this fly
Has rights which might allow
Him surer life than I.

And yet I know the weight
Of small deaths weighs me down,
That life (whatever that is)
Is holy: that I drown
In air which stinks of death
And that each unthought breath
Takes life from some brief life,
And every step treads under
Some fragments still alive.
The fly screams to the thunder.

Death troubles me more rarely
Than when, at seventeen,
I looked at Chatterton
And thought what it might mean.
I know my children sleep
Sound in the peace they keep.
And then, suddenly calm,
The fly rests on the wall
Where he lies still, and I
Strike once. And that is all.

ANTHONY THWAITE

Jupiter Complex

Science and Government. By C. P. SNOW. *Oxford. 9s. 6d.*

This brief, brilliant book is a devastating indictment of the late Lord Cherwell. It also provides a tantalising glimpse of the way supreme defence decisions are made. Two principal characters are involved: Cherwell himself and Sir Henry Tizard, a good chemist who became an even better military scientist. Both had known each other for a long time. They had once been friends. Then – quite how, nobody seems to know – they quarrelled, and their subsequent battles were fought with reasonless venom, at any rate on Cherwell's part.

There were two main incidents, each in its way decisive. In 1934 Tizard was made chairman of a secret committee on scientific air defence. Its object was to provide the answer to Baldwin's defeatist contention, 'The bomber will always get through.' The com-

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JONATHAN CAPE

mittee decided to opt for radar: not because it was the ideal system, but because it was the only one with any chance of becoming operational in time. Then, in 1935, Baldwin, in an effort to mitigate Churchill's criticisms of British defence policy, invited him to join a political committee set up to supervise the experts. Churchill accepted, on condition his personal adviser, Cherwell, joined the experts.

From the moment Cherwell entered the Tizard committee, he fought radar bitterly. His motives were purely emotional: he seems to have convinced himself that anything Tizard supported would not work. The alternative he proposed was an aerial mine (like Churchill, he was obsessed by mines), which could not conceivably have been effective. Fortunately, Tizard, a sound Establishment man, managed to re-form the committee, without Cherwell, and the radar proposal went through. The slight operational lead it gave us during the Battle of Britain was probably decisive.

Then, in May 1940, Churchill attained supreme power. Immediately, Cherwell became, in fact if not in name, the government's chief scientific adviser. Tizard was out. For two years, however, he remained in the Whitehall *couloirs* and fought a second, this time losing, battle with Cherwell. Cherwell believed – with an emotional intensity linked, I should say, to his decision to turn his back on Central Europe and identify himself completely with Britain – that the heavy bomber, almost unaided, could force Germany to surrender. Since bombing techniques were not accurate enough to destroy German industry, the idea was to devastate German industrial housing and so force a crisis of morale.

Tizard and several experts from Operational Research challenged Cherwell's theory. They proved, on the basis of existing evidence of bomb destruction, that Cherwell's estimates of devastation were five or six times too high. They argued, cogently, that Anglo-American resources could more profitably be allocated to other fields. Their advice was not only rejected, but they themselves fell under suspicion. 'He's been talking to Tizard' became a damaging smear when applied to a Whitehall scientist.

Subsequent events entirely vindicated Tizard. Some 500,000 German civilians were killed by Anglo-US 'area raids'. A post-war survey showed that the raids led to no significant decline in morale and still less to a decline in production; in some cases, paradoxically, they were instrumental in increasing it by changing urban manpower patterns. Cherwell's figures were shown to be not five or six but ten times too high. Some 160,000 trained allied airmen were lost. It is at least arguable that had the all-out bombing offensive been accorded lower priority, the allies might have won the war in 1944 and denied Eastern Europe to Russia.

From these two incidents, C. P. Snow draws some shrewd and thought-provoking conclusions. He points out, for instance, that had Churchill come to power in the late 1930s, as all the anti-appeasers wanted, Cherwell would probably have been able to smash the radar plan and thus make it possible for Hitler to win the Battle of Britain. This is indeed a sobering suggestion, which lends point to the author's contrast between 'open' and 'closed' political battles: if you win one, you may lose the other. More generally, he pleads that scientists should be allowed to play a bigger part at the top, to bring the benefit of scientific method to the taking of supreme political decisions, as well as to the formulation of the technical alternatives on which they are based.

The trouble is: what is a scientist? By ordinary standards, Cherwell appeared a man of great eminence. He now emerges as a fraud, a 'courtier', as C. P. Snow aptly terms him, able to impress himself on the gullible Churchill by performing parlour tricks on his slide-rule. Despite his training, he brought to decision-making not scientific method but its antithesis, emotion. Moreover, he got away with it. In government science, as in economics, there seems to be what Galbraith terms a 'conventional wisdom'. When Tizard had the support of the political Establishment, he embodied this wisdom and was able to eliminate an outsider like Cherwell without much difficulty. But when the political tables were turned, it was Tizard and his friends who were isolated, even among their own brethren.

This is not an academic point. Cherwell's conventional wisdom still dominates British and American defence thinking. Our entire strategy is based on the megaton blow against Soviet cities: it is a victim of what Professor Blackett terms the 'Jupiter Complex', in which the airman, from the empyrean, sees himself delivering God-like retribution on the forces of evil. Baptised the 'deterrent', forming the apex of cold war theology, this concept has a neat simplicity which appeals to politicians and generals alike. I doubt if it is sound, scientific strategy. But, with a few notable exceptions, it is unquestioningly accepted by military scientists, who accordingly leave other fields of technology unexplored.

What is needed, in fact, is not so much scientists – we have had ample supplies of them – but men who, in practice, adhere scrupulously to the tenets of scientific method. To judge by the recent record of British defence policy, we, at least, do not seem to have got them. One of our top defence scientists said last autumn on television that the Polaris submarine was the 'absolute weapon'. Another one repeated this phrase, in a qualified form, in a newspaper interview. These statements, of course, make scientific nonsense; indeed, they are demonstrably refutable even on the basis of our existing knowledge of undersea warfare techniques. Hearing them, one is tempted to ask whether our politicians are still susceptible to the courtier with the slide-rule.

PAUL JOHNSON

Iron Rationalism

Evolution and Progress. By MORRIS GINSBERG. *Heinemann.* 25s.

'Knowledge offers no apocalyptic visions, but it can do something to help man to make his own history before the end is reached.' This, the last sentence of Professor Ginsberg's reassessment of the idea of progress, might well stand as epigraph to the whole book. For it conveys admirably the tone of this third volume of collected essays. There are writers in whom moral and intellectual qualities are so intimately united that their very style expresses a decisive standpoint. So it is with Professor Ginsberg. The impersonal, almost dull, tone conveys a modesty and a patience that are admirably matched to what he has to say.

The essays published or republished in this volume fall into two parts. The first concerns the concept of social development and includes the introduction to L. T. Hobhouse's *Morals in Evolution*. The second treats more of the history of sociology. It ought not to be, but it is worth remarking on the simple accuracy of Professor Ginsberg's elucidations. The student who wants to know what Weber meant by *verstehende* sociology (a sociology which 'understands') could not do better than start from Ginsberg's account. So it is also with what Professor Ginsberg has to say of Tönnies, or Durkheim, or Herbert Spencer.

Professor Ginsberg's approach is humanely rational. Sociology is not an autonomous discipline and he does not treat it as such. History, philosophy and anthropology all get their due. Indeed, if anything, the nagging anxiety to be fair and judicious is excessive, and would be annoying but for Professor Ginsberg's other qualities. One of these is a kind of flat commonsense, which deflates pretentious claims in a remarkably adroit manner. Professor F. A. Hayek's conservative scepticism as to whether men can ever hope to control their own development is treated with exactly the kind of quiet antiseptic doubt that is needed. Or again he can write:

> It is odd that bodily fitness and health are so rarely included among the intrinsic goods. Can it be that bodily health is considered as having value only as a means to the goods of the mind? But, metaphysics apart, it is not obvious that the body is only the tool or instrument of the mind . . . Indulgence in 'sensual pleasures' is said to endanger the 'higher' or spiritual goods; the tyranny of the body has therefore to be resisted. Of the tyranny of the mind we do not hear so often.

Yet if Professor Ginsberg is a rationalist, he is, and recognises that he is, a rationalist in an irrational world. And there is nothing here about how reason may gain a foothold in social structures. We have on the one side the foundations for a rational morality laid down and the calmest of discussions as to

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how far this morality has ever been embodied in human life. But we have nothing to balance it about the kind of social structure in which it will be inhibited or overthrown. Or rather we have only hints and asides on these topics. It is always wrong for a reviewer to ask too clamorously for more than an author has given. But without more on these topics, the outcome of reading Professor Ginsberg is unfortunately likely to be a tragic pessimism. This plain-coloured, liberal, humanistic refusal to despair is admirable. But are we really reduced to such iron rations?

The answer is perhaps that Professor Ginsberg is a faithful spokesman for his subject matter. He tells us exactly what the kind of sociology discussed in this volume has to say and he gives us no more to hope for than it will warrant. This is where we are, and it is from here that we have to start. Any sociology which is theoretically more adventurous or practically more exciting than Professor Ginsberg's will do well to start by learning from the quiet virtues exhibited in this book.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Calder to the Stake

The Inheritors. By RITCHIE CALDER. *Heinemann. 25s.*

How nice to find such genuine enthusiasm and hope! If we can just get round this admittedly awkward corner of nationalisms and fears and suspicions, which anyone with any sense can see are nonsense, if we can once get out of the H-bomb ambience and start spending all that money where it ought to be spent, what prospects open! If . . . But Ritchie Calder, who has been about the world more than most of us, almost persuades us that it's possible.

The Inheritors takes the form of a brisk trot through mankind's achievements, tied all the time to things that are happening here and now, which the author has seen himself and which have stirred his warm imagination. He comes back from the irrigation systems of the ancient world to those of the modern one, emphasising that the archaeologist may be more important than the engineer. He looks in the same breath from the European stone age to the stone-age culture of the Canadian Eskimo, who come out of it as most attractive and intelligent people. They will, with luck, be able to make the jump past the least pleasant technologies and civilisations into one which might be sane, clean and highly skilled.

This treatment takes the story of the world since man's emergence out of the category of dull old history into something very much livelier. The boy who finds school education pointless, the woman who wouldn't 'have time' for history, might find themselves reading this for enjoyment. How I hope it will come into their hands! Of course, in one volume, one can't have everything. The historian will shake his head and say, yes, but . . . The dates of pre-history may change. More might be said about, for example, Japan. Chinese discoveries probably antedated some attributed here to the Middle East or India. But I doubt if these criticisms matter. One can always read further books.

What does matter is to have got into perspective the big movements: the land migrations of tribes which turned into nations when they got to the places where they had to stop, set against today's explosion of new population, again pressing on the existing world

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food supplies. It shows that there were no answers then except force or magic. Whereas there are answers now – if we choose to use them, whatever prejudices of ours they cut across.

I think this must be the first general history book which has been written in terms of the new scientific 'humanities'. Geology and biology are, as they should be, basic. The conquerors are less important than the soil chemistry. We are just beginning to admit this, but I can well imagine some historians who would like to tear Ritchie Calder limb from limb for having written such a lively, humane, but, in their sense, so wickedly unacademic a book.

Naomi Mitchison

A View-Finder

The Fourfold Tradition. By Rayner Heppenstall. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 25s.

This is a collection of reviews and articles on French and English literary subjects done by an argumentative, coat-trailing and insinuating conversationalist who has read widely. The range of subjects moves from Chaucer to Joan of Arc, Beckford, Gide, Jouhandeau to Amis, Snow and Robbe-Grillet. The title is not meant to be more than a suggestion for holding the pieces together. Mr Heppenstall calls it a useful view-finder. A warm Francophil, he is tantalised by the accident of our historical separation from France; he reflects with nostalgia that Henry V must have been natively bi-lingual, that Henry IV must have spoken English much as Edward VII spoke Hindustani, and that, but for Vatican politics, Henry VI might have been an Anglo-French saint with miracles as well attested as those of Joan of Arc. One does not want to spoil these speculations by pointing out how firmly English resisted becoming a French dialect.

Anyway, Mr Heppenstall is willing to settle for the conclusion that the French and English have much in common. (And so, we might add, have all the countries of the Atlantic seaboard from Sweden to Lisbon: it is called Western civilisation.) He goes on to suggest that just as there is a double tradition in England, the established at the centre of power and the nonconformist in principal rebellion against it, so in France there is the old war of the curé and the schoolmaster. But rebels find themselves in the first tradition and the established find themselves in rebellion. They become tied up in the knots of their own label strings. We shall see the delightful sight of, say, first-tradition Anglo-Catholic, establishment Eliot proceeding from the ranks of the second-tradition nonconforming, provincial Unitarians.

Mr Heppenstall, it will be seen, is an eccentric with a keen eye for cultural politics. He is, I think, excessively concerned with literary manœuvres, but this goes with his sense of the deadly serious comedies of change. He is always on the look out for intrigue and manipulation – and, of course, Joan of Arc was manipulated – and for the history of public illusions, for example, the belief in 'the noble savage'. He believes that we invent one of our own when we talk about the Celts. He is a Yorkshireman and I fancy he thinks there is more difference between North and South than there is between France and England. He is very much on the side of the second tradition, simply because of the enormous contribution of lower-class, nonconforming English writers to our literature; and he would deny to the genteel South of London, Canterbury, Oxford and Cambridge, their exclusive assumptions about taste. Here he is plainly right. But Yorkshiremen 'are understood to have' – I borrow one of his favourite locutions – certain quirks: a rather frosty vanity in drily spun-out understatement, a gift for the pawky and negative. They like peppering the legs of the stranger. They laugh to puncture. This humour is positively a *humeur* in Mr Heppenstall. One gets the impression that literature is a political comedy which wide and curious reading and an ear to the ground has enabled him personally to stage. Its exits and entrances can be supervised with a sententious irony:

> Quite apart from the Leavis statement I earlier quoted (and which, one fears, the Leavisites treat as revealed dogma), the pupils, some of them now themselves widely influential, reject Joyce in part because of his declared enmity with Lawrence. Though Virginia Woolf and her friends were all 'liberals', the middlebrow interest, centred upon Snow, equally rejects 'Bloomsbury' on what, I fancy, might be thought social grounds and rejects Joyce, together with everything that can be described as 'experimental' precisely, I suppose, because it is a middlebrow interest.

That is pleasant satire on contemporary pretensions in general; but there comes a time when the joke becomes a mannerism.

The attractive things in Mr Heppenstall are his bursts of gaiety, his intelligence, his edge and his pleasure in literature, especially in language. It is a pity that reviewing obliges him to change his subject so quickly. He has a wicked time with the Celts. He suggests, and more or less gun in hand, that they change their name. I suggest he moves on to the Iberians next. He deplores the tendency of polyglots to decline in number. He is interesting about the gift for languages in Joyce. He is not shaken in his regard for Gide. He perceives the literariness of Camus and the absence of philosophy; he reminds us of what we are already forgetting – the originality of Sartre as an artist. He is sympathetic with Amis – though he notes that Common Room jokes are seeping in; they make dead wood – and writes, at length, a 'placing' essay on Snow which I think is just, although I feel Mr Heppenstall must be wrong in the assumption that modern administrators and dons lead lives that *must be* emotionally or spiritually impoverished and suspect. A novelist's critic ought not to generalise about groups of people; his task is to respond to people and situations as they are created in novels. But, of course, the new, the experimental, the dramatic reconsideration are what excite Mr Heppenstall. Behind a nay-saying manner he is quick to respond to the flash of life. His chief fear for the vitality of the second tradition in England, is that the provincial – in his sense of the term – is weakening. It may be that Yorkshiremen, and all Englishmen north of the Trent, are becoming pedagogic fantasies, like the Celts.

V. S. Pritchett

Bonn is not Weimar

Germany Divided. By Terence Prittie. *Hutchinson.* 30s.

Germany is a theme on which most of us are slightly hysterical. Typically, those who study the subject become obsessed with it; they soon know nothing else. It is then that speculation grows wild: those who would think twice before drawing a straight line from, say, Hengist and Horsa to Harold Macmillan, have it all tied up from Arminius (through Luther, Frederick the Great, Nietzsche, and Bismarck) to Adolf Hitler. We get the professional anti-Germans, those unwitting latter-day disciples of Houston Stewart Chamberlain. (I seem to remember a wartime book – one hopes long out of print – entitled *2,000 Years of German Aggression.*) To them, it is what the German *is* that matters, not what he does: Auschwitz was predictable of the German nature, indeed its perfect expression. What the purveyors of this doctrine did not realise is that they were accepting the Nazis' view of German history.

Mr Prittie's book is neither hysterical nor obsessed. The *Guardian's* correspondent in Germany since 1946, he has seen too many neo-Nazi scares come and go, and has known the leading actors too well, to play Cassandra.

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JOHN CALDER 17, SACKVILLE STREET LONDON W.1

The strength of Mr. Prittie's book lies in very careful selection from an enormous fund of detailed experience. He relates how he stood in March 1933, as a very young man, in a crowd literally weeping for joy at its Führer's triumph. In an earlier book, Mr Prittie has described his four escapes from a German prisoner-of-war camp. He was in at the kill of the old Germany and assisted at the birth of the new. During the past ten years, he has been able to watch the growth of the Bonn Republic and the GDR from very close range indeed. The tales he has to tell of their miseries and grandeurs are always instructive, and often extremely amusing.

What conclusions does he draw? Few, I think, that will please the Hun-baiters, of the Right or of the Left. Particularly, perhaps, of the Left. Mr Prittie's portrait of Dr Adenauer as a politician (though not as a man) is extremely flattering – and will not go unchallenged. Clearly, Dr Adenauer corresponds closely to Mr Prittie's notion of the Good German. Mr Prittie's praise is salutory: Adenauer's personality is not well understood in this country. Those who condemn him have not often taken his measure. But to put him above Bismarck, as Mr Prittie does, is to reverse the scales altogether:

> . . . how different is Adenauer – that suburban Rhinelander who never saw Paris, Washington, or London until he was seventy-five years old, who reasoned without passion and who cast aside German dynamism in favour of Roman logic! Bismarck contributed very much to Germany, and very little to civilisation. Adenauer has remained a good German, while working consciously for a free world which is civilised.

Mr Prittie ignores all that has been written about Bismarck since the war; otherwise, he could never have made this comparison. Bismarck's mind was that of a philosopher, Adenauer's is at best that of a first-rate technician. And as to 'Roman logic', has Mr Prittie never studied a transcript of one of *Der Alte's* orations?

Yet I think Mr Prittie is largely right: he is arguing, in effect, that Dr Adenauer is the best German Chancellor we have. This is a point which his opponents on the Left should consider. We have, after all, to reflect what the alternatives might have been. Some of these Mr Prittie describes: Schumacher's or Ollenhauer's SPD, a serious nationalist revival based on the refugees or on Major Remer's party, or a flirtation with Neutralism on the lines of Stalin's 'reunification offer' of 1952. None of these, in Mr Prittie's view, would have been a viable alternative. Kurt Schumacher was out to obstruct Germany's integration into the West; neutralisation was never to be had on any terms acceptable to the Western allies, or to the West Germans themselves. Catholic-conservative rule meant a return to capitalist economics, but it also eliminated the extreme Right as a political force. Mr Prittie brings good tidings: it could all have been much worse. And, if *Bonn ist nicht Weimar*, then Dr Adenauer is the man we have to thank.

Mr Prittie is equally severe with what he calls 'the disengagers', and here again he will come under left-wing fire. He clearly considers English opinion far too willing to listen to Soviet blandishments. Indeed, he seems to share at times Dr Adenauer's – and many West Germans' – apprehensions about British 'softness' towards Communism (it is a neat, if ironical, proof, of the West Germans' complete identification with the Western cause that they can speak of Britain 'doing a Munich' on them!). There is, for instance, a very direct attack on Mr A. J. P. Taylor's and Mr George Kennan's (now revised) theories of disengagement.

Mr Prittie, too, is in favour of some sort of 'thinning out', but he is convinced that in the long run full reunification is quite as much in the interest of the West as of the Germans themselves. One point he does not make, but which would seem of some relevance to the disengagement debate, is this: would we really be better off if the forces of two hostile – even if partially disarmed – German states faced one another across a common frontier? Russia and America can have no interest in starting a war: one of the two Germanies might. The German civil war that would follow would not be a pretty sight. Disengagement, if it meant this, might actually increase insecurity. The status quo is not necessarily the worst of all possible worlds. Mr Prittie's informed and provocative book may have the curious – and perhaps unintended – effect of causing us to count our blessings.

JOHN MANDER

A Bundle of Symptoms

Man's Picture of His World. By R. E. MONEY-KYRLE. *Duckworth*. 21*s*.

Perhaps the gravest single flaw in psychoanalysis derives from Freud's lack of insight into his allergy to philosophy. His thought was a product of 19th-century mechanism, always closely connected to its opposite: idealist solipsism. He never quite grasped the essentially dynamic, changing nature of mental processes. This is why he and his followers have always tended to think in terms of a set of fixed unconscious patterns. Most of the weaknesses of the Freudian approach, and, unfortunately, rather few of its strengths, such as its reductive integrity, are expressed in this essay.

Money-Kyrle, who is one of the more philosophically inclined of the followers of the school founded by the late and sadly lamented Melanie Klein, is at his best when following most closely in his mentor's footsteps. And at moments, he can perform illuminating interpretative feats, such as when he tells you that 'fear and anger are readily interchangeable emotions'. Unlike some psychoanalysts, he is acquainted with the works of non-Freudian psychologists. I cannot find any reference to Piaget's classic study of the development of the child mind, but there are, which is rather surprising in a psychoanalyst, generous tributes to *Gestalt*.

On the vexed question of the death instinct, Money-Kyrle takes up a typical Janus-faced position:

> What we call the fear of death would seem then to include at least two basic elements: first, the fear of dissolution, and secondly the fear of its agent, the destructive impulse, which in phantasy threatens from within and from without.

The various criticisms that have been levelled against the Freudian 'mythology of the instincts' (this was Freud's own phrase, beautifully illustrating his faculty for self-criticism outside the realm of philosophy proper) are scarcely taken into account. There is a tendency to fall back upon the concept of a 'primal intrapsychic struggle between hate and love . . .'. He follows Melanie Klein in accepting the concept of the development of the mind and personality in terms of fixation-points which she, to some extent, derives from her own master, Abraham. He

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

accepts her formulation of a 'manic defence' as a purposive defence against despair. The idea that such alterations and alternations in mood must imply a change, presumably biochemical, in the total organism, never seems to occur to him.

When he sets out to apply Freudian, or rather Kleinian, concepts to politics, the weakness of the psychoanalytical approach is revealed with a quite embarrassing plainness:

> There is no doubt that England entered the second world war still largely in that state of depression which had prevented her from stopping it before it started. The devil, personified by Hitler, seemed almost omnipotent because he was the depository of our own lost aggression; and for the same reason, there was at first a fairly widespread lack of the more active forms of courage. This led to a needless period of vacillation, during the so-called cold war, between those who, against all the actual evidence, still blindly hoped that, if we did not provoke Hitler by attempting to defend our friends, he might not attack us, and those who now longed for active war against him – or at least for intensely active preparation. If the nation was to be raised from this depressive lethargy, and so from impending destruction, it needed a leader who could feel and voice aggression, on the side of the angels and against the devil, and who by so doing could transfer it from one side to the other in people's inner worlds, so that they could regain an active form of courage. Whatever else Churchill did or did not do, he rendered us this service, which enabled us at much cost, still to preserve our values and our freedom.

It is not surprising that Money-Kyrle appears to accept, more or less uncritically, the hackneyed philistine account of Marx:

> He was a man of some loyalties, and many hatreds, probably derived, in the first instance, from envy of his parents pictured as greedily keeping their inexhaustible goodness to themselves, and so depicted as altogether bad.

In fact, although there were some tensions between Marx and his parents, the relationship was not particularly disharmonious.

The London Magazine

New Series Vol 1 No 1

has been re-designed and enlarged, and will in future also contain regular illustrated features on painting, theatre, films, music. The April issue, now out, includes poems by *Philip Larkin, George Barker, Derek Walcott,* stories by *Ted Hughes, Tom Hopkinson, Michael Fisher,* articles by *John Fuller* (on *Gregory Corso*), *John Cruickshank* (on *Montherlant*). *Ionesco* writes on *Brancusi, Bruno Walter* on The Time Element in Opera, *John Whiting* on the theatre. The first of an illustrated series, *Developments in Style,* deals with the work of *Keith Vaughan.*

Edited by ALAN ROSS

The final chapter on political philosophies includes a strangely confusing account of the origin of political ideologies in religion. This inversion of the natural order of human social evolution is typical of Money-Kyrle's distressing confusion of mind. His essay is more instructive as a bundle of symptoms which could be grouped together as a general disorientation syndrome than as a contribution to psychoanalytical sociology.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Living Ordinary

Exceptional Children. By F. G. LENNHOFF. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Something Extraordinary. By H. S. TURNER. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

> Once a Teddy boy and a Teddy girl were walking along the road when they met each other and they said to each other 'Where are you going?' and they said 'I'm not going anywhere.' . . . So the next week they got married and they were not a Teddy boy and a Teddy girl any more because they liked to live ordinary.

Thus in telescopic form the young contributor to a magazine run by Mr Turner at his Adventure playground describes the social problem that links these books together. Both authors are in fact spending their lives in persuading actual or potential Teddy boys to live ordinary, and to like it. Mr Lennhoff has probably the heavier assignment for the 40 boys at Shotton Hall residential school are classified as 'maladjusted' and have already proved the despair of parents, teachers, 'child guidance' clinics, and, in one-third of the cases, of Juvenile Courts. At some stage of their short existence they have acquired an inability to form normal human relationships and it only makes things worse that they have no obvious handicap of health or intelligence to excite sympathy.

The Shotton Hall approach is the now familiar one of providing a happy environment where the emotionally sick child can start afresh to build up his confidence in adults and to work out a new pattern of behaviour based on response to the undemanding love with which he is surrounded. Rarely can a regime have been worked out with more selfless devotion – one reads on, awestruck. But one is driven to wonder if this soft-cushioning, this endless tolerance and searching for almost fantastic excuses for misdeeds is not overdone? Even if the boys have got into emotional tangles because deprived of affection which was their due, some of them would seem to have been abnormally greedy and demanding. Does it really help to maintain that if a boy steals from visitors he is only looking for a souvenir of someone who has been kind to him? Or that the matter should be cosily settled by a trivial gesture of restitution?

Fortunately Mr Lennhoff is at heart more realistic than at first appears. He cherishes very definite ideals of decent behaviour, every item in his training has 'therapeutic significance' and he maintains that it works. The danger is that his treatment may be prematurely interrupted by withdrawal of a boy before his 'emotional sickness' is resolved and unconscious motives squarely faced. A delinquent or neurotic who has picked up from psychological treatment the ingenuous notion that he has a right to steal or destroy because of unhappy experiences in his childhood is as hopeless a case as one can encounter. It is fair to say that it is not Mr Lennhoff's fault if this happens.

Mr Turner could justly claim that the children at his Lambeth playground, though technically normal, were no angels either. First he had to clear up the ground itself, for he found it oozing with mud and useless for its purpose. In amusing contrast to the Shotton Hall approach, he ostentatiously established himself as a tough guy, on the children's side of course, but it must be their best side or he wouldn't be doing his job. No gambling, swearing or bullying, or out you go. Lambeth could take it, and in four years the playground has become a well-known centre of constructive play such as children love, though it must be planned for them. This book is more, however, than an extremely readable record of a successful welfare project, the individual children are made startingly alive and their environment is studied with a fresh, penetrating and agreeably cynical eye. Adolescence is seen as something more than an abstract problem for do-gooders; here it is a searing, exhilarating experience we can all recognise from our own memories.

Having warm friendship to offer all who needed his help, Mr Turner was soon accepted by the neighbourhood but frankly expresses the frequent disappointment on his side. The all-pervading atmosphere of spivvery, cadging and pilfering among all ages, the sudden unexplained aggressiveness of parents, nearly got him down. Nevertheless his final vision is of a buoyant people, faulty and frustrated but rich in virtues, resolutely determined to 'make a life'.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Lying Abroad

The British Diplomatic Service, 1689-1789. By D. B. HORN. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

Diplomacy is the science of those who possess none, of those who are made profound by the void within themselves. So Balzac with savage acuteness, and the general tenor of Professor Horn's study seems to bear him out. During the 100 years that his survey covers, the British diplomatist, with rare exceptions, was of a stock and undistinguished type – muddled but painstaking, concerned for his perks and allowances (his 'extraordinaries'), morally superior to his colleagues (though not averse to smuggling, he was quite unbribable), and generally bored to death with foreign manners and company. As Palmerston later observed: 'No climate agrees with an English diplomatist, excepting that of Paris, Florence and Naples.'

Protocol and ceremonial abounded tangibly in a way impossible to later centuries. 'An ambassador who, in negotiating a treaty, failed to secure the *alternat* was felt to have damaged his country's interests just as much as one who signed away a province unneccessarily at the end of a disastrous war. The consequent loss of "face" might well have practical political and economic consequences.' Yet, despite the heap of pundits and precedents, diplomacy remained an embryonic, semi-professionalised career. This was especially so in the case of the British. The 'outsiders' – great noblemen, such as the Duke of Bedford – got the plum jobs, and there was no system of Buggins's turn to console the others. Most British diplomats of the period settled glumly to serve their country abroad for lack of employment at home. Lord Walsingham, who joyfully relinquished the prospect of the Madrid embassy and 'kissed hands for the postmastership' was a typical case. 'The dispatch of a prominent courtier or politician to a foreign court was often regarded as an honourable kind of banishment.'

Mostly underpaid and atrociously neglected by their superiors at home, 'they were on the whole men of goodwill and more than average industry and intelligence: what they tended to lack was the outward show, which counted for so much at continental courts still living in the shadow cast across Europe by Louis XIV'. Few British diplomats blew their noses in the napkins, spat in the middle of the floor or smeared their chins through licking their plates, like the Earl of Manchester or Chesterfield's son, Philip Stanhope. Nevertheless, the British diplomat was generally held to lack *ton.*

Professor Horn's book is a lively and all-embracing study of the service during the period (though, in view of the intense diplomatic and counter-espionage activity carried out under Cromwell by Thurloe and his assistants, one would have welcomed a preparatory chapter on the Commonwealth). Recruitment, rank, pay, privileges, communications (an excellent chapter), spies, consuls – it is all here, liberally illustrated from State papers and contemporary mss. It is to be hoped that some historian will now provide us with a similar study of the 19th-century diplomatist.

PHILIP HENGIST

New Novels

The Last Summer. By ELIZABETH GUNN. *Chatto & Windus.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Day of Glory has Arrived. By OLIVIER TODD. Translated by MERVYN SAVILL. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

Joncer. By NOEL WOODIN. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

The Shores of Night. By ROBERT MULLER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

The Chapman Report. By IRVING WALLACE. *Barker.* 18*s.*

The Last Summer and *The Day of Glory has Arrived* stand at opposed extremes of the novel. At the lowest estimate, both are very much worth reading, and, at a first glance, *The Last Summer* suggests that it may prove a tiny masterpiece. In theme and style alike, its origin is plain enough: Proust. Very short, it is long enough for a traumatic experience to be rediscovered, relived, and resolved.

The last summer is that of 1939. It is to this time, when she was a girl of 13 on holiday with her parents near St Tropez, that Melissa, the heroine and narrator, looks back from the vantage point of 20 years later, after years of emotional numbness and a failed marriage. Elizabeth Gunn beautifully captures the feeling of an enchanted holiday lived as it were outside time by a girl trembling on the verge of adolescence; and her rendering of the Riviera scene, the poor little rich girl's playground, is good enough to recall *Tender Is the Night* and not to be killed by the comparison. What gives the book its real distinction, though, is the subtlety, which is as much moral as psychological, with which she relates and analyses the tragedy in which the holiday ends – the sudden, bewildering death of a beloved father. This is the traumatic situation; for the child is struck with a dumb guilt at her failure to have made her love for her father plain enough during his life and at her apparent selfishness, absorbed as she was in the delights of holiday, during his last days.

Elizabeth Gunn focuses on a single character's remorse and liberation: Olivier Todd presents a much wider range, the reactions of a platoon of French conscripts to the war in Morocco. The conscripts are a mixed bag of peasants, mechanics, students, no more happy than conscripts normally are when called up to fight in an unpopular war. They emerge very clearly as acceptable representations of types, and M. Todd holds the balance between them fairly. M. Todd himself is laconic in style, tough to the point of being dead-pan unillusioned. The kind of novel he has written prevents the development of character in depth, but as a piece of reporting *The Day of Glory has Arrived* is brilliant: this, one feels, is what the war in Morocco must have been like.

The first 50 pages of *Joncer,* Noel Woodin's novel on the life of a professional jockey, are very promising indeed. There are precious few good English novels about horse-racing – *Esther Waters* is still by far the best – and for the first four chapters it looked as though *Joncer* might be added to their number. But then Mr Woodin seemed to fall into a crisis of confidence in himself; what had been admirably plain narration in *oratio obliqua* suddenly becomes the speaking voice of an old retired head stable lad who tells Joncer's story, with all that that involves of questions of probability and impersonation. And the story itself gets further and further removed from conviction with Joncer's marriage to the daughter of a Cambridge history professor.

The Shores of Night disappoints in a different way. Mr Muller's hero Alexander Denham is a high-powered newspaperman in his forties – an age the author seems at times to equate almost with the verge of senility – unhappily married to a neurotic refugee from Nazism. The novel really falls into two parts. One, which I frankly found a muddle, deals both with Denham's wife and with his investigation of neo-Nazi activities in Western Germany; the other, with life in Fleet Street and in the world of television. And this raises the old problem: why does it seem impossible for anyone to write a convincing novel about life in newspaper offices or in broadcasting and TV? These are, I suppose, glamorous places; and I suspect that those who live in them and write about them are too often themselves taken in by the glamour attributed to them. Mr Muller's columnists, feature-writers and reporters are as depressed and dingy a lot of characters as I have come across for a long time. Had they been plumbers or solicitors no one would have thought them worth writing about.

The Chapman Report is one of those American bestsellers that seem to be written with the deliberate intention of proving to the rest of the world that American civilisation is the most vulgarly nasty the world has yet known. This is not true, but how is the rest of the world to know? Mr Wallace sets out to demonstrate the evil consequences for those subjected to it of an investigation *à la* Kinsey into the sexual lives of American women; and he seeks to show that there is more to living than sex by concentrating in his novel on nothing else. What gives the book its quite peculiar stench is the moral indignation with which the exploitation of sex is dressed up.

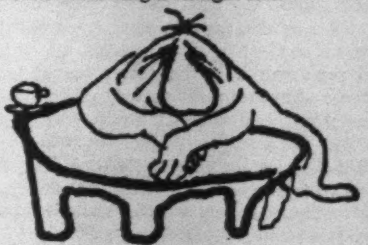
WALTER ALLEN

The art of brevity

I PITY ALL YOU CHILDREN BORN AFTER SLUM CLEARANCE.

Targets for Jules Feiffer, the young American whose work appears each Sunday in The Observer, are big organisations and small phonies. Both are with us, and likely so to remain.

Abu, The Observer's political cartoonist, takes the long view of people and events. Technically he picks off his victims with the accuracy of a boxer throwing a straight left.



"Be nice to me"

The accuracy of a boxer throwing a half-brick is supplied by Herb Gardner. Few would applaud, or even like, the 'nebbishes' in his drawings. Many love them.

HIS
HERS
HARO.

Haro is not, in the strictest sense, a cartoonist, but he is much more than a mere illustrator. His penetrating comments come close to being cartoons in their own right.

All four drawings appeared in recent issues of The Observer. Individually, they are remarkable as pieces of short, sharp wit. Collectively they are one more good reason why you will enjoy The Observer each Sunday.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Last of the Goths

REYNER BANHAM

Literary survivors from the Palinuriac and earlier deposits seem justifiably puzzled by the sudden recent revival of the reputation of Antoni Gaudi, architect, of Barcelona. For them, his highly personal blend of Gothic Revival and Art Nouveau was part of 'the Spanish thing', and they duly got him on record in the Twenties (though Evelyn Waugh's article in the *Architectural Review* came right at the end of the decade). But when the intellectual tone turned from feathers to iron at the beginning of the Thirties, literary men joined the architects in burying his memory. Such Victorian, craftsmanly fantasy was clearly intolerable among reinforced concrete cantilevers and the black manifestos of pistons. There the matter looked likely to rest; he had found his place among what Goodhart-Rendel called the Rogue architects, and only eccentrics like Goodhart-Rendel were likely to be interested in him.

But in 1950 he was back. His reappearance in the British magazines might have been written off as Victorian Revivalism or plain quaint at that pre-Festival moment; but his simultaneous appearance in Italian magazines like *Metron* and *Spazio* was a different matter in those days when Italy was the conscience of European architecture. But if it was not picturesque sentimentality, what was it positively? First and foremost it was a portent of the great change of the Fifties, when modern architecture suddenly ceased to be a simple dogma of functionalism and machine-age materials. The men behind the Gaudi revival are the men behind this change, even when – like Nikolaus Pevsner – they are out of sympathy with it. But books like Pevsner's *Pioneers of Modern Design*, by eroding the idea of modern architecture as a revolution and replacing it by an idea of evolutionary process, have simultaneously destroyed the naive dogmatism of the Thirties and prepared the way for a revival of Art Nouveau.

But this is only background. The direct causes of the Gaudi revival are things like colour photography, which suddenly revealed his fantastic architectural detail to the magazine-readers of the early Fifties; boredom with the imposition of pre-war progressive ideas as academic post-war rules, and Le Corbusier. Especially Le Corbusier – the inherent formalism of Corbusian architecture, already manifest in the Forties in the work of his South American followers, became all too clear in the Master himself as the designs for the Marseilles roof-structures and the chapel at Ronchamp reached the reading public. And when a god changes his image, as Corb was doing at that moment, history has to be rewritten to suit. Fortunately, history proved to contain Gaudi, who has been the patron saint of neo-Formalists ever since.

But no historical connection between Gaudi and modern formalists has ever been demonstrated. Gaudi was about as *sui generis* as an architect can be and much more so than his approximate contemporaries Louis Sullivan in Chicago or Charles Rennie Mackintosh in Glasgow, both of whom contributed directly to the Modern Movement, which Gaudi did not. The definitive literature on the man and his work, now that we have it, defines him into almost complete isolation – first-class historical research appears to leave him without significant influence from his forbears, and without perceptible influence on any of the three successive generations.

We have had a long wait for this literature, but it has been worth it. George R. Collins, in the 'Masters of World Architecture' series*, has done a neat, straight historical job in small compass. His scholarship is impeccable, profound and curious (his readings in Catalonian newspapers must be unrivalled even among Catalans). Yet he makes no wild claims to influence, nor does he advance far-fetched sources for Gaudi's style, so that his book is invaluable hard-core reading. But the side issues and fantasies are important in explaining the revival of Gaudi's reputation, and for this reason (as well as its vastly better plates) the slightly more recent book on him by James Johnson Sweeney and José Luis Sert† is useful by virtue of its very diffuseness and sentimentality (Sert, like Gaudi, is a Catalan). Here, as not in Collins, you get the ambience of architectural emotions, zeitgeistical miasma, and thalassomania, that makes it psychologically necessary for some people to propagandise him as an all-time genius.

Between the two of them, these books sum up the real and the imaginary Gaudi almost as effectively as being shown over his buildings by an average mad-keen architectural student. Putting the imaginary hero-figure on one side (with difficulty, the inflationary afflatus is compulsive) what have we got left? We have a Catalan, and an architect. The former I am barely competent to discuss, but the record is eloquent – few architects can have been so loved and revered by common folk in their own lifetime. In his last years he achieved something of the *Vecchio Santo* status of Michelangelo, and his death under a Barcelona tram-car in 1926 would have been a grisly farce had not Catalonia decided to treat it as a national disaster. This aspect of Gaudi is bound up with the world's last great Gothic-Revival building, the Templo Expiatorio de la Sagrada Familia, which he 'inherited' from its former architect, del Villar, in 1884, and was still only fractionally complete at the time of his death, having evolved in the intervening 40 years into a vertical fantasy of spires and pinnacles unparalleled anywhere in the world. Because it was a *popular* building, in the sense that an old trade-union leader is a popular personality, its completion hangs over Barcelona like a God-imposed duty, but because no one has that kind of popular touch any longer (nor the finance), its completion is proving infinitely postponable, leaving one splendidly improbable half-completed transept to delight the tourists and to mock and humble Gaudi's successors in the town.

We also have an architect, but what sort and how big? Sert and Sweeney quote Le Corbusier (who else?) as saying 'Gaudi is the constructor of 1900, the professional builder in stone, iron or brick.' For once, this is not a giant platitude, but an unusually shrewd perception that reaches into the heart of Gaudi's architecture. For someone with a German background, like Corb, 1900 will always carry the specific stylistic sense of Art Nouveau, and although Gaudi started his professional career before Art Nouveau existed, he anticipated it in the Palacio Guell and other early works, later fell under its spell from abroad, in the Casa Battlo and the Casa Mila, and finally transcended it in the Parque Guell and the pinnacles of the Sagrada Familia. But he transcended it in a purely personal manner, whereas others transcended it into the international modern movement.

The reason for this entirely private solution of the intolerable internal contradictions

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of Art Nouveau lies in the two words 'professional builder'. Gaudi was the last of the Goths, last of the master builders – in many ways he was the architect every Gothic revivalist tried to be. He conceived of buildings as hand-wrought stone resting on hand-wrought stone, faced with tiles laid according to the simultaneous judgment of eye and hand while the wet mortar waited, and roofed with hollow-pot bricks curved into vaults that followed the rules of thumb and long experience, but not of mathematics. The result was rich and bizarre like nothing else of the period – except some passages in the works of Paul Scheerbart, the glass-maniac – but its ideal craftsmanship was in itself a trap. When he achieved the pinnacles of the Sagrada Familia, which are also the pinnacles of his personal style, he had also achieved a stupendous isolation. He could communicate with the people down there in the Ramblas, but not with his fellow-architects. What he saw in Cubism, as revealed in those pinnacles, was the crowning glory of the craft-architecture of the 19th century; but what the rest of the architectural profession saw was deliverance from the tyranny of the craft tradition; he used Cubism's forms to make incomparable decoration, they used its space to make the Machine Æsthetic.

Nothing reveals his isolation better than his greatest achievement as a constructor – the design of the nave and aisle vaults of the Sagrada Familia. Lacking the maths, or the turn of mind to want to use them, he investigated the forces in structures by means of a series of complex string models, hung upside down and weighted to represent the loads of roof and pinnacle. Thus, with every taut string indicating a line of force, he had the position and inclination of every column and rib fixed, and a photograph of this cat's-cradle diagram, turned the right way up again, could form the basis of drawings, and even of the fabulous Great Model of 1925 with the columns fluted and branched like stems of cow-parsley. It was a brilliant achievement of craftsmanly ingenuity, but to say – as do Sert and Sweeney – that he had to design thus because such shapes 'could not be arrived at by the usual orthogonal drawing table techniques' is romantic twaddle. A generation that had done the Eiffel Tower and the Forth Bridge by drawing board and calculating machine could have done the Sagrada Familia in a fraction the time it took Gaudi. This is not the place to belabour once more the tragic separation of engineering and art in the 19th century, except insofar as Gaudi shows how far ingenuity, imagination and craftsmanly integrity could go in replacing structural science with constructional craft. But the fiendish ingenuity of these models, better illustrated in Sert and Sweeney than ever before, emphasises just how completely he had become isolated from the architecture of the 20th century. The rest of his generation tended to take to drink (Sullivan, Mackintosh) or go into haughty retirement (Van de Velde) in order to avoid this problem (or related psychological problems very like it) but Gaudi, with the devotion of a religious fanatic, played out the tragedy to the end. And the end was not bitter, but the weirdest triumph of personality that Western architecture has seen.

Apu and the Country Wedding

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

It is two years since Satyajit Ray's *The World of Apu*, now at the Academy, led off the London Festival. One's first high impressions are sustained – the experience shines out from an overcrowded week – and more than ever we attend the chance of re-viewing the whole trilogy. Within the next couple of weeks I hope to be able to do this.

Meanwhile Apu, halfway through his first novel, lives poorly in Calcutta, shrieked at by trains, late with the rent, debarred from jobs for which he is too highly educated. He wakes to ink spilt on the bed, curtains off the sight of the girl opposite. A gentle Raskolnikov, reaching for flute instead of blunt instrument, he is perhaps waiting for life to bludgeon *him*.

'What do you know about love?' asks the friend to whom he has confided his novel. Apu shrugs. They go off together to a country wedding; but hardly have festivities begun than the bridegroom arrives mad, and Apu is pressed to take his place. Suddenly, impossibly, this beautiful young bride is brought back to his Calcutta cell. The idyll is short-lived; she dies giving birth to a son. In the manner of his own novel he 'plunges into grief', scatters his pages over a deep valley, buries himself in the mines till, romanticism worn out, his friend takes him for his first sight of his son – who flings a stone. But the boy follows him away, and this new childhood may repair injuries.

Love, tragedy, and part-resolution conclude the history, which has brought close its thread of Bengali life as the Gorki trilogy did for Russia. Needless to say the episodes have been exquisitely realised – Calcutta, the wedding, years of exile, return – each yielding its beauties touched by pain. The contemplative mood, relying as it does so often on stillness in close-up or landscape, allows various freedoms. Narrative can digress or dwell; no hurrying timebelt clanks along; a moment is held, to release its symbols from the everyday scene. Naturalness and lyricism seem instinct, resolving the usual problems of actors and non-actors, story and document. The two main characters (Soumatra Chatterjee and Sarmila Tagore) achieve the embodiment of expressive grace, and even a newcomer to these Ray films will find *The World of Apu* as spell-binding as, say, *Louisiana Story* or *The River*, and somewhere, miraculously, between.

That the New Wave may sometimes be a new trough seems to me demonstrated by Claude Chabrol's *Les Bonnes Femmes* (Compton), an artificiality about four shopgirls and their lovers. Where events slip in and out of the Paris streets, the director's style is admirably employed; but for too much of the time fantasy exudes a sickly tedium. The boss is an old goat out of the music-hall Nineties; an errand boy dashes in to recite a poem to Priapus; the cash-desk woman treasures a handkerchief dipped in murderer's blood; a visit to the Zoo has the moral that human beings misbehave themselves; and having trailed us monotonously throughout the film, Leatherjacket on his motorbike lures his Mona-Lisa type into the woods to make love, and duly murders her. I am not amazed that *Cahiers du Cinéma* should designate this a masterpiece.

Sicily may be a sign for Italian film-makers to go mad, but seldom can any serious film have gone madder than Mauro Bolognini's *Il Bell'Antonio*. Its hero, with a reputation for breaking hearts, marries an heiress, and turns out impotent: it takes her a little time to discover this, being Sicilian. Then melodrama is let loose. The stricken father, who in his youth had had nine women in a day, rushes off to a brothel and dies 'doing his duty'. Why couldn't he wait? The downcast servant girl is discovered to be pregnant, and the seducer is – who but Antonio? Rejoicing breaks out, friends rush to congratulate him . . . but still lugubrious he dreams of his heiress, now wedded to the Duke of Bronte. There are perfectly serious good performances from Pierre Brasseur and Rina Morelli as parents so afflicted.

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Delayed Wit

H. A. L. CRAIG

The new Stratford-on-Avon season opened dismally last Tuesday, rain without and damp within. The first actor was promising enough; he walked on ringing a handbell; but 14 actors later, at the interval, it was very plain that *Much Ado about Nothing* was suffering a production of no consequence. At the final curtain, 33 actors later, our faces had fallen. Michael Langham failed to realise either the Beatrice and Benedick wit or the Dogberry foolery that is the justification of this high-low comedy.

Much Ado about Nothing is a play of verbal intelligence, swift and subtle, needing the most intense concentration. Beatrice and Benedick cannot be allowed to slow down, they exist in collision, rapidity is proper to them. But to take in their gladiation we must see them clear. They must be left alone; the plot cannot obscure their subplot; for Beatrice and Benedick are the play. Mr Langham worked away, busy as a beaver, damning up their word-quick scenes with a rubble of movement. I do not deny his bravura with a crowd or the excitement of his prance, but I deplore a production that dares to shuffle Benedick and Beatrice into a pack of extras. Its tricks were trivial and far below the intelligence of the speech.

Mr Langham chose to emphasise the obvious – the plot of *Much Ado about Nothing*. Whatever is second-rate in the play he unerringly brought to the front. Hero and Claudio, a conventional pair of Italianate lovers who suffer impediments, and the choleric Don John, are allowed to dominate the evening. Admittedly, Shakespeare wrote them long, but he also spread them thin; and before Mr Langham seeks vindication in the stretching, we would remind him that while this play was one time called The Comedy of Beatrice and Benedick, it was never, even by such a shifter as Nahum Tate, called The Tragi-Comedy of Hero and Claudio.

A safe bet on *Much Ado about Nothing* is: if you look to its humour the rest will see to itself. There is little question of what will happen next. Every ruse is explained to the audience in advance, every ruse succeeds until it is superseded by the next. Its structure is keyhole comedy. There is no taint of reality to distract us into being serious; the tragic hints are only decoys and happiness is never out of sight.

But when Beatrice and Benedick are off the stage, *Much Ado about Nothing* grows tedious. So enter Dogberry. The play should then be carried safely on the flat tongue of Constable Dogberry. Shakespeare, following Beatrice and Dogberry, seems to be illustrating Meredith's definitions of humour. But enter Mr Langham, hard on Dogberry's heels to undo him. The Malapropisms, the howlers, rolled out of Dogberry at the same slant as Beatrice's almost mathematical wit. His humour emerged verbal. It was distressing to see as fine a comic actor as Newton Blick reduced to clicking his heels comically, denied space and time to develop a true comic character.

The Stratford opening was interesting because of the first appearance in this country of Christopher Plummer, the young Canadian actor. Mr Plummer revealed the splendid insolence of the master actor but, in this production, little more. He was defeated by a Beatrice (Geraldine McEwan) who did not measure to the part. Beatrice, to be richly done, must always out-scorn Benedick – her lines are quicker – leaving Benedick the subtle victory of being male. If Beatrice does not go higher than Benedick, he cannot take the last leap that is the wonderful conclusion of the play. Mr Plummer walked off slapping Miss McEwan's bottom – so much for wit.

Sparrers Can't Sing (Wyndham's) is the apotheosis of the other Stratford, E15, a half-play filled to the brim by Joan Littlewood. Miss Littlewood's routine of hop-skip-and-a-song, her pumping, her mania for movement have disturbed some playwrights, living and dead. She 'takes' a script and scores it for Life. Her way of revealing Life is to accelerate it; the words in a Littlewood production are often the merest vapour trail behind some hurtling actor. She is tied to the ground only by John Bury's stony sets.

But give Miss Littlewood a script like *Sparrers Can't Sing*, the equivalent of a free-hand, and she will knock out an evening. Her idea of a popular theatre is an hilarity theatre: and the question one asks about Stephen Lewis's Cockney characters is not if they are true to life, but if they are true to the stage of the Theatre Royal Stratford. Do they live in John Bury's houses? They do.

Glory Be!, a musical from Dublin, is a disappointment. It possesses one girl, lovely to look at (Patricia Cahill), one fine character actress (Rosaleen MacMenamin) and a comedian of genius (Milo O'Shea). It starts with promise, taking its text from the ludicrous bishop-banning of O'Casey and Joyce at a recent Dublin festival, and follows up with Samuel Beckett's gesture of boycott. But then it disappears into some senseless singing about modern painting and demonstrations of Rathmine snobbery. It is as local as a shower of rain. Yet an evening spent at *Glory Be!* is worthwhile for the brilliant confidence of Milo O'Shea. He does more with his left eyebrow than other actors can do with arms and legs. His finger of admonition might one day – please God – break the bishops of Ireland.

Resolution 42

ARNOLD WESKER

When we first raised the issue of the Labour Movement's lack of participation in the arts and the Trade Union Congress of 1960 passed Resolution 42 calling for an investigation, this journal opened its columns to a discussion of the subject. As a result of that discussion, and other publicity, we received offers of help and co-operation from many quarters: both from trade unionists and artists. Two such responses came from a group of painters and sculptors and from the Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen, who gave us £25 to help our campaign. Last weekend, at Eastbourne, these two groups met. The artists organised an exhibition of some of the best contemporary work at the Towner Art Gallery, Eastbourne; the AESD held their annual general conference there, and a special viewing was arranged for the delegates. The two events were not a coincidence, because this exhibition – of such artists as Michael Ayrton, Joseph Herman, Ken Turner, Peter Peri, Sally Anderson, William Gear, Derrick Greaves and many others – is an exhibition specially mounted to be moved, on invitation, to any town where a trade union conference is being held.

Was the showing a success? Whether the AESD will buy any of the paintings we don't know. Whether other unions will invite the exhibition to their annual conferences is too early to say – though the London Trade Union Week has invited them to hang at the Bethnal Green library, and a councillor from Porthcawl is considering having the exhibition down to the South Wales miners' Eisteddfod. For us, the success of the venture lay in the incredible number of delegates who turned up after a gruelling day at conference, and the number of artists who came down from London to meet them.

Here we have the first phase: contact was being established between two hitherto hostile and suspicious sections of society. The painter, tired of the incestuous élite who normally patronise him, was going out to find a new audience; the rank-and-filer, with a little time to breathe now, was at last considering whether the artist might have something of value to offer him. It was a heartwarming sight and both painter and

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draughtsman were staggered. The painters, still sensitive and wary from years of ridicule and neglect, goggled as cars and vans deposited load after load of wise-cracking Scotsmen, quiet Welshmen and sceptical Yorkshiremen. 'There can never have been *such* a private viewing before', said one painter. 'We didn't even lay on cocktails!'

It is very tempting to make more of this event than is really justifiable. The best I can do is to record its happening. But one observation should be made: all the big London national and provincial newspapers were invited, so were numerous TV programmes. Resolution 42 is an issue affecting one of the most important aspects of our community – namely the cultural mediocrity for which we are preparing future, leisured generations, and from all the invitations we sent out only this journal, the *Daily Express* and a local newspaper bothered, to our knowledge, to send any representative at all.

Russian Music on Record

DAVID DREW

Our knowledge of the music of Soviet Russia has always rested on uncertain stilts. If the angles and viewpoints have changed at all over the years, it has been on account of political tremors or earthquakes rather than of sincere musical enquiry. Only the pre-eminence of Shostakovitch and Prokofiev remains secure. The isolation in which their exceptional talent has placed them is in itself an interesting cultural phenomenon, and a challenge which the younger generation does not seem to have met. Yet how little we know of the whole field of Soviet music, and how patchy and prejudice-ridden our understanding even of Shostakovitch and Prokofiev!

The reputations of both composers have suffered from the over-estimation of certain works (for instance the First Symphony of Shostakovitch and the Third Piano Concerto of Prokofiev), and from the harsh glare of propaganda which has settled like the beam of a searchlight on other works, and then passed on, leaving them damaged and in the dark. Such a work is Shostakovitch's Seventh Symphony, the *Leningrad*, whose real virtues can now be assessed at peace and at first hand, thanks to a splendid recording (Parliament PLP 127) recently issued by Associated Recordings Ltd in an album of two records.

Powerfully and convincingly performed by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Karel Ancerl, this is undoubtedly the prize amongst a number of recordings of Soviet Russian music issued by the same company. There is an excellent performance of Shostakovitch's Sixth Symphony (Artia ALP-167) by the USSR State Radio Orchestra under Alexander Gauk, but the other side of the disc is filled up, or rather emptied, by a vacuous Suite for Strings from the young Russian composer Herbert Galinin.

Prokofiev is best represented by a recording of his Sixth Symphony (Artia ALP 158), in which Eugene Mravinsky conducts the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra. The work is unlikely to become as popular as the Fifth Symphony, but a performance such as this will at least ensure that it is given its due. Another Artia recording (ALP 166) couples two of Prokofiev's Piano Concertos, the Second in G minor and the Fourth, for left hand. Anatol

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Verdernikov, the solist in the Left Hand Concerto, is not always very sensitive, especially at the beginning of the second movement, and the strings of the USSR State Radio Orchestra sometimes remind one of string-playing in certain radio orchestras further West; but the Concerto is not likely to be misunderstood on that account. A mildly inventive piece, it compares well enough with Ravel's venture in the same medium, but lacks the depth of Britten's. The Second Concerto is mostly bad music but good spirits, and Yakov Zak gives a brilliant performance of the solo part.

The one failure in this series is a recording by the Czech Philharmonic orchestra under N. P. Anosov of Prokofiev's Seventh Symphony. Furnished with a shameful sleeve-note reminiscent of *Time* magazine on its very worst days, the record offers a weak performance of Prokofiev's weakest Symphony. The conductor makes bubble-gum of the tempi, in the desperate hope that the greyish material may acquire some interesting conformations and a stronger flavour than the very faint peppermint that Prokofiev has left there.

The attempt was vain, but at least one can sense a musical purpose behind it. Not so with the vagaries of Leonard Bernstein's performance of Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra on Philips ABL 3322. Mr Bernstein's liberties in matters of tempo and dynamics give the performance a certain air of febrile vitality if listened to in short sections, but in the larger span, all structural sense is lost. There is a certain perversity here, for Mr Bernstein plainly loves the work. It will no doubt survive this little encounter. The case of Shostakovitch's Second Piano Concerto, which Bernstein has recorded in the dual role of Pianist and Conductor on Philips ABL 3300, is rather different. One might never guess from this crude and graceless performance, that Shostakovitch's 'gift' to his pianist son is a work of genuine and guileless charm – as it appears in the far superior Supraphon recording (LPV 481).

Lest it be thought that West is incapable of meeting East with dignity, listeners should turn at once to the Philips recording (ABL 3315) of Shostakovitch's Cello Concerto, backed by the First Symphony. (But avert your eyes from the infamous cover design, which makes cheap journalistic capital of a notable occasion). Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra provide a clear and truly felt accompaniment to the magnificent playing of Rostropovitch in the Concerto. The performance should not be missed.

With the exceptions I have noted, these recordings afford a useful survey of an important field of contemporary music. I have barely touched on the musical worth of the works themselves, since I shall return to them in a later and more general article.

Laudes Evangelii, on Associated-Rediffusion

Diaghilev himself encouraged an experiment in iconography-in-motion which has, at last, matured (first in a church at Perugia, now on ITV); and, though Massine calls it a 'choreographic mystery', it is true ballet, in the later Diaghilev tradition: a life of Christ, inspired visually by Ravenna and Giotto, with music based on 13th-century canticles. The problems of TV adaptation must have been formidable. The vaguely basilican set (good tessellated floor) seemed to melt into the road to Egypt or the rocks of Gethsemane; just enough close-ups (Christ and Mary less insipid than usual, Judas a wry intellectual); but the dance-movements (pavane, mazurka, beat, the slow gyrations of Christ in agony contrasting with the precise yet loutish jig of the soldiers sharing out his clothes) were the main narrative medium. As Christ staggered up to Calvary, the raised arms of all humanity seemed to push him on. The descent from the Cross: too difficult technically, surely they wouldn't show that? But they did, with the grace of a *pietà*.

Minor faults: titles in awful olde-English lettering; the Cross, when carried, of conventional shape (but too neat and thin, a 'prop'): when set up, puzzlingly, Y-shaped. But a major achievement: ungracious, perhaps, to want to see it in the colour which only the BBC offers.

T.D.

Alan Davie, at Gimpel Fils

However much they may recall Pollock's frenetic imagery of the early 1940s, Davie's paintings ultimately go their own way and have their own originality. It is also possible to find in his work echoes from Kandinsky, Chagall, Mirò and Beckmann. Davie has brought to these sources an individual vehemence in his handling of the medium and a highly charged simplicity of statement. His work has something of the vitality of an inspired pavement artist intent upon a series of sophisticated strip cartoons. He shares with Pollock a liking for ceremonial associations both in his oracular titles and in the shapes and emblems which animate his pictures. Davie's sense of colour is Northern, of a cold brightness, and has a clear affinity with traditional Scottish painting. He has made some of the most spectacular and exciting paintings to be seen in this country in the past 20 years: the picture in the Tate, for instance, or the vast *Sacrifice* shown at the excellent Wakefield retrospective show and then at the 1958 Venice Biennale.

Davie's present exhibition contains three good, weighty pictures; but a number of smaller works, and one large composition made up of three interlocking panels, do not stand up to prolonged inspection. They are trivial, and what perhaps aims at a fine lyrical frenzy degenerates into slovenliness and a lack of real eloquence. There are too many dull and flaccid brush marks hurtling about here. This artist undoubtedly has a unique and exhilarating sense of *painting*, both for its own sake and as a dramatic invocation, so that any lapses of this kind seem especially glaring. It is part of the high price paid by an artist of Davie's magnitude for any deviations from the pursuit of an ideal.

B.R.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,624 Set by Buzfuz

Getting Married 1961, recently published by the BMA, contains advice on every aspect of marriage and weddings. Competitors are invited to supply an extract from *Getting Married*, a publication by an equivalent body, in BC 10,000, AD 1360, 1660, 1984, 10,000, or 10061. Limit 150 words; entries by 18 April.

Result of No. 1,621 Set by Naomi Lewis

Prospective autobiographers have had time to digest their Betjeman. The usual prizes are offered for an extract – not more than 12 lines – from a verse autobiography, not necessarily in blank verse, by Kingsley Amis, A. J. Ayer, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Dimbleby, Hugh Gaitskell, Graham Greene, Gerald Nabarro, Sir Laurence Olivier or Lady Summerskill.

Report

Best value, on the whole, came from those who took the Betjeman model as model, and concentrated on one stage or episode in their life. Besides, this gave more scope for the affectionate and complacent melancholy most suited to the gratuitous confessional form. Gaitskell and Dimbleby were the favourites, picturesquely running neck and neck. Prizewinners apart, the most valuable Dimbleby chapters were supplied by Allan M. Laing, Eileen Tulloch, R. B. Heisler:

> I weekly on the air did vent,
> 'This is His Own Establishment'

and L. G. Udall:

> I do not think that I shall find it odd
> To be assigned to send reports from God.

Near-best of the Gaitskell-recorders were Ken Geering, A. J. Ryder and Trooper Jones:

> Butler is nice. Across the floor
> We often share a knowing wink,
> While his lot turns from Blue to mauve,
> And my lot turns from Red to pink.

Leading Summerskill versions came from Martin Fagg, D. R. Peddy ('How I joined the Ladies'), Knifegrinder and Peter Veale:

> in dreams I saw
> A stranger standing on my Ken Wood step

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Greenwich Mean Time
6.30 p.m. on 31.45 m; 7.30 p.m. on 25.28, 42.11, 249 m; 8.30 p.m. on 25.09, 31.01 m; 9.30 p.m. on 25.28, 31.45 m. Music programmes 9.30 to 11.00 p.m. on 42.11 and 249 m.

REMEMBER—
WARSAW IS CALLING YOU TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT

Who said: 'Excuse me, Mrs Samuel . . . ?'
But you shall hear how I escaped that fate.

While most – and almost – mentionable Amises were rendered by Hilary Evans – something about 'keeping the Beowulf from the door' – by Stanley Sharpless ('Pulling my Leavis face I talked him round'), K.W.G. and Livingstone K. Bluntmore. One guinea each to each of those printed below.

GRAHAM GREENE

And seeing her lying there so frail, so still,
After a lifetime spent in doing good,
I thought,
'She is with God, a saint. I will
Pray to her, find some relic, for I would
Like to acquire such faith, become a saint
Myself.'
And so I stole her pencil, just
A worn-out stub of wood as she, so faint,
So pale, was one of flesh; and when hot lust
Pricked in my boyish loins, I prayed to it,
And her; but all in vain, not knowing then
It was our atheistic doctor's bit
Of pencil.
She had been our poison pen.

J. A. Lindon

A dead dog I remember in my pram;
It had a vulpine air even in death.
I cried out to the squint-eyed nurse, but words
Were still a miracle I had not learned.
Only I knew the hour had struck for me –
A business man went grumbling into dark,
The District Officer I'd never be
Soared from my pram for darkest Africa.
I lay and watched that vulpine grin of death
Until the squint-eyed nurse to comfort me
Delved in her tomb-like bag and found interred,
Long, slim and pink, a stick of Brighton Rock.

H. A. Baxter

RICHARD DIMBLEBY

I spoke my lines
In all sincerity. I was, in truth,
Awed by the Great Occasion; yet I trust
It could be said of me – no ritual pomp,
Resplendent spectacle or Royal Feast
Would find me at a loss. I was serene
As innocent cherub, and as self-assured
As head boy primed for speech day. Everyone
Acclaimed my self-possession. I was praised
For modest manliness. Old ladies smiled
And grave men nodded to my cadences.
I was a spokesman of the Nation's life,
And soon was walking – as I talked – on air.

A. M. Sayers

HUGH GAITSKELL

So murmurs now arose from Right and Left
Which I must counter with manoeuvres deft:
I watered down, as fatally extreme,
The young men's vision and the old men's dream,
Set Douglas Jay to fly his cautious kites
(Which came to rest on the commanding heights),
Hedged over Nato and the Yankee bases
And gave the Party forty different faces.
Thus, everything by turns and nothing long,
At length the rightful cause became the wrong.
The Statesman, never disinclined to carp,
Now made its gibes and strictures pretty sharp . . .

A. M. Robertson

At Winchester I learned to love my neighbour,
And how success is only won by LABOUR,
For Public Schools all train in LEADERSHIP,
And discipline is fostered by the WHIP.
Within the corps I proved a sergeant deft,
And kept my squadron marching LEFT – RIGHT – LEFT.
Though good relations I possessed in dozens,
And friends I loved, I never cared for COUSINS;
Yet, to win all, I found it best to flatter all,
For many-sidedness is MULTILATERAL.
To Oxford next I went, with growing bonhomie,
To study there Political Economy.

R. Kennard Davis

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Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Being soaked to the skin like many others last week-end, I fell to thinking about the indignities which we mortals suffer as the result of our immersion in an atmosphere which we cannot yet properly understand, far less control. I began to dream of man-made, man-manoeuvred depressions and anti-cyclones, of diaries which noted the wet and dry weeks planned for the coming year, of an atmosphere operated like an enormous air-conditioning system, of a gentleman with an office in Geneva designated Director-General of Weather. Aroused by a stream of rain-water flowing down my neck, I then thought that, sooner than any such detailed control of weather, we (or our children, at any rate) would see mankind imitating the birds with annual migrations to warmer climes. It is far easier to conceive floating city states moved bodily across the Equator twice a year than any system of guaranteeing a dry Bank Holiday. The reason is that the energy pumped into the earth's atmosphere by the sun far transcends anything that human engineering could generate in evaporators, heaters, freezers, pumps or fans.

We are not entirely helpless. During the war we literally evaporated fog with burners so that bombers could land safely, and it may prove possible in the future to clear fog by detergents sprayed from the air. Again, experiments in the US, Australia and the Soviet Union have demonstrated that pregnant clouds can be stimulated to yield up their rain a little prematurely by introducing a smoke of freezing nuclei, such as sodium iodide, into them. But no one can yet claim any dramatic, local weather control along such lines. It should in fact be more reasonable to look for ways of exerting large-scale, long-term influences on climate.

Meteorology and climatology play an important part in aid to the under-developed territories. Apart from the establishment of weather services, there are specific matters to be investigated, such as the relation of weather to locust swarms (which move downwind) to disease and to hydro-electric, solar power and wind-power projects. The World Meteorological Organization (WMO), which celebrated its tenth anniversary a fortnight ago, provides $1m of aid a year.

But there is a key question, touching on many aspects of development; is the climate changing naturally? If it is, then it is plainly of the utmost importance to know how it is changing and at what rate – if one has in mind the reclamation of desert, jungle or tundra or, indeed, is planning any large project which is meant to persist for a long time. During the last hundred years, for example, it appears that the world has become generally warmer, by about two degrees Fahrenheit, and animal and plant life have advanced nearer to the poles; on the other hand it was warmer still in the Middle Ages and colder in the 17th and 18th centuries.

The notion that the increased carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, from modern man's burning of coal and oil, acts like the glass of a greenhouse and is having important consequences, can probably be dismissed. The evidence of the Ice Ages shows that nature can produce drastic climatic changes unaided, as the result of some kind of instability in the atmosphere. Can we change the climate by exploiting such natural instability? It is by no means inconceivable that we could deliberately create another Ice Age – not that we should want to – by increasing evaporation in the Arctic. It could be done, in theory at any rate, by using hydrogen bombs to boil enough water to create a huge cloud over the Arctic. Calculations along such lines encourage the idea that more beneficial climates may be possible some day: we can begin to see dimly how it might be done. It is ridiculous to think of trying to destroy hurricanes with H-bombs; less so to think of removing the circumstances in which hurricanes form.

But before that is possible – or, for that matter, before the Cold War could take on a more literal and sinister meaning in the application of climate control to economic warfare – the somewhat neglected subjects of meteorology and climatology will have to advance much further. Spectacular progress may follow the present application of computers to change forecasting from an art into a science and of balloons, rockets and satellites to explore the high atmosphere and get a spaceman's synoptic view of the earth's weather. Yet for proper understanding we must go deeper: on the one hand towards the explanations of why clouds, the principal actors on the atmospheric stage, appear just as they do, and what physical processes are at work within them; on the other, trying to elaborate a global theory of weather and climate in which climatic changes become predictable and, in the end, made to measure.

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City Lights

TAURUS

Competition, the Vicar preached when businessmen held office, gets the best out of everyone. And the *Economic Survey*? The National Institute's new regular bulletin, up-to-date as well as informed, sober yet uninhibited in its practical conclusions, faces the Treasury with a challenge. The *Economic Survey* is soggier than ever. The press summary, admittedly, is more competent, the white paper is opened with a coy little italic summary, there is an occasional gesture towards an imagined popular audience – 'an increase in the purchasing power of personal incomes', for example, is nicely paraphrased in brackets as 'the growth of money income after tax over and above the rise in prices'. But the *Survey* itself, as a serious introduction to a serious Budget, is now as depressingly irrelevant as gnomes on the lawn. Those responsible for the fine bursts of ivory-tower platitudinizing ought to know that *The Times* is said to be short of economic leaderwriters.

Read unhopefully as a plain man's guide to the Whitehall fashion in economic platitudes, the *Survey* is ambiguous. It is encouraging, in its way, that the chaps should feel so pleased about their unexpected success in depressing personal consumption, even though it was not quite enough to make room for the burst in investment and stockpiling; they now admit that a higher and steadier rate of economic growth would be a good thing, and there is a strong hint of a Budget-speech promise to guarantee the present level of investment allowances; they seem reconciled to the fact that production is likely to rise during 1961.

If investment is to be untouchable, what then? Government current expenditure resisted even Mr Thorneycroft; state capital programmes can be quickly varied only at great waste. Consumers, we all know, ought to suffer; but the government seemed to agree with the motor-car manufacturers, only a couple of months back, that changes in HP terms were permissible only in a national emergency. The unexpectedly sharp revival in demand produced by the relaxation of HP restrictions may have caused ministers to change their minds but ministers are fickle, and the Treasury seems too concerned about prices at the moment to put much weight behind the idea of a sales tax. So, what? The point is important, since investment is likely to increase further this year and consumption to expand. The Treasury seems to have crossed its fingers on a fall in stocks – the largest unpredictable in the conventional sum.

But this is to take a double gamble. A sudden upsurge in stocks was mainly responsible for last year's rise in imports, and the Treasury seems to be relying mainly on a fall in stockbuilding to bring our foreign payments back into balance. It may, of course. And it may not, if investment and consumption both rise together. Stocks are a dangerous thing to gamble on when the balance of payments is in its present, appalling state. The estimates have been overhauled by the Board of Trade, which reckons that both our current surplus and our net outflow of private capital are much smaller that the Treasury supposed.

But the general shape of the situation is much the same. Britain – leaving aside the question of other Sterling Area countries, which seem likely to fare worse in 1961 than in 1960 – last year had its biggest payments deficit in a decade. This deficit, largely due to an overdue investment boom, was financed by a vast inrush of speculative funds which, the Treasury admits, does not form 'a dependable basis for maintaining long-term investment and overseas aid at their present levels'. The danger of a speculative run on sterling, like the fact of a speculative run on the dollar, is scarcely mentioned: the Treasury is obviously trusting to the western alliance to get the dollar and the pound out of trouble together.

* * *

The stock market is in no mood to care about the balance of payments; with little more than a week to go to the Budget, it has pushed through into new high ground. The fact seems to be, as the US discovered a couple of years ago, that the old investment rules and instincts are temporarily useless; personal savings are steadily rising, and an increasing part of all saving is going into Ordinary shares, to the point where the tail is now beginning to wag the dog. The institution investors have been worried about the market for months past, but private investors have pushed prices up so confidently and steadily that they are now beginning, shamefacedly, to join in themselves.

If there is no economic or political crisis, the advance will probably continue: still to climb on the bandwagon, apart from the repentant sceptics who run assurance and pension funds, are all the trustees whose investment powers are to be increased within the next couple of months. Local authorities, like trustees, will be able to invest half their money in equities, and are setting up a unit trust of their own for the purpose – and local authority pension funds alone are increasing by £30m a year.

Bids have been a great help in keeping the market happy, brewery bids in particular: the industry has now got to the stage of concentration at which the giants pick sides, and every bid is a big one. Ind Coope recently consolidated its position as the largest brewery group by taking over Taylor Walker. It is now pushing ahead by taking over Ansells and Tetley Walker. High advertising is at last beginning to produce high returns, especially on lager, and competitors are beginning to appear; Ind Coope obviously means to keep its lead. The brewers, now that they have taken up advertising to produce national sales of a standardised product, may soon be selling other things besides beer; and Mr Taylor, whose Canadian example showed them what to do, will have to hustle if he is to get any kind of a national chain in this country.

Company News

The rise in *Associated Newspapers* was intelligent, but not because of Mr Thomson; a Canadian paper group is anxious to acquire Associated's controlling interest in Anglo-Newfoundland Development. The Treasury seems to have agreed to an exchange of shares, but whether the Rothermeres want the shares, and what is to be done with the money if they sell, has yet to be announced.

The Registrar of Friendly Societies is getting tough with building societies: the change in management of *Lloyds Permanent* has been quickly followed by a compulsory change in the management of the *Alliance Perpetual*.

Bakelite, the UK subsidiary of a US group, reported disappointing results for 1960, a good year for plastics generally, but looks like doing better this year.

Stewarts & Lloyds is making a hefty rights issue, rather earlier than expected.

And *Bonsoir*, the pyjama firm, is being taken over by an industrial holding company.

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The Chess Board

No. 595. New Look

More than 90 per cent of my correspondents advocate the algebraic notation; some of the more enthusiastic supporters hope that our decision shall be soon and widely emulated. Some of my more cautious correspondents point to the difficulty of letting old habits die, but no one denies the obvious advantages of avoiding ambiguity and saving space. My diagram should elucidate the notation to any beginner unaware of it. I am going to use the abridged system, indicating only the destination of the piece, not its (obvious) point of departure. A concluding colon indicates a capture; and just to see how it works, compare the first two moves of the 'Wing Gambit' in both notations. 1) P-K4, P-QB4; 2) P-QKt4, PxP; or : 1) e4, c5; 2) b4, cb:; With so much space saved the substance of the column benefits to the extent of at least one additional game.

a8	b8	c8	d8	e8	f8	g8	h8
a7	b7	c7	d7	e7	f7	g7	h7
a6	b6	c6	d6	e6	f6	g6	h6
a5	b5	c5	d5	e5	f5	g5	h5
a4	b4	c4	d4	e4	f4	g4	h4
a3	b3	c3	d3	e3	f3	g3	h3
a2	b2	c2	d2	e2	f2	g2	h2
a1	b1	c1	d1	e1	f1	g1	h1

This being a 'Readers' Own' week, here is a position sent in by C. Allen. /r5k1/1b3p1p/6p1/3p2qkt/4P3/2Kt1P2P/3B2P1/2R4K1/. This occurred at the adjournment of an important match game. The position was sent to two adjudicators one of whom declared it a draw while the other accepted White's claim for a win by 1) Qb2, Bc8; 2) Ktd5:, Bh3:; 3) Bc3 etc. Allen and his team-mates wonder how our readers would adjudicate.

Now here's how – White in a Birmingham League match – M. P. Furmston punished his opponent for having failed to castle.

1) e4, e6; 2) d4, d5; 3) Ktd2, c5; 4) ed:, ed:; 5) Bb5 ch, Ktc6; 6) Ktf3, Ktf6; 7) 0-0, Be6; 8) Re1, Qb6; 9) Qe2, h6; 10) Kte5, Qc7; 11) Kt(2)f3, Bd6; 12) dc:, Bc5:; 13) Bf4, Bd6; 24) Bc6: ch, bc:; 15) Ktf7:, Qf7:; 16) Qe6: ch, Be7; 17) Qc6: ch, resigns.

Another well deserved chessbook voucher goes to P. Venning, one of our UCL competitors. Playing White in a 'skittle' he achieved this position. /2rr2k1/6pp/4q3/8/Q2b4/7Kt/2R3PP/3R3K/. Playing 1) Ktg5 he did (as he had hoped) provoke . . . Bf6, whereupon he obtained a smothered mate by 2) Rd8: ch, Rd8:; 3) Re2, Qe2:; 4) Qb3 ch, Kh8; 5) Ktf7 ch etc.

Finally a game won by P. C. Wason in a correspondence game played in the BCCA Knockout Tournament of 1959.

1) d4, Ktf6; 2) c4, g6; 3) Ktc3, d5; 4) Qb3, dc:; 5) Qc4:, Bg7; 6) e4, 0-0; 7) Ktf3, Bg4; 8) Be3, Kt(f)d7; 9) 0-0-0, Ktc6; 10) h3, Bf3:; 11) gf3:, e5; 12) d5, Ktd4; 13) Bd4:, ed:; 14) Ktb5, c5; 15) dc: e.p., bc:; 16) Kta3, Qf6; 17) Qc2, d3!; 18) Bd3:, Kte5; 19) Ktc4, Ktf3:; 20) e5, Kte5:; 21) Kte5:, Qe5:; 22) b3, a5; 23) Bc4, a4; 24) R(h)e1, Qf4 ch; 25) Kb1, ab:; 26) Bb3:, R(f)b8; 27) Re4, a blunder in a hopeless position; and how Black forced immediate resignation may serve us as **A** the 4-pointer for beginners.

I hope that uninitiated readers will soon get used to the algebraic notation. In the Competition Reports (solutions having been set long ago) the old fashioned notation will be used for another two weeks. The Competition this week offers some light relaxation, both **B** (a win) and **C** (a draw) being neat and witty, as well as rather easy for 6 & 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 16 April.

B: K. Lovay: /16/7k/b5Kt1/8/1K6/8/2B5/.

C. Gallischek 1959: /B7/P7/P6p/7P/B5pb/4k3/6K1/.

REPORT on No. 592. Set 17 March

A: 1) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-Kt1; 2) Q-Kt7 ch!, RxQ; 3) Kt-R6 mate

B: 1) Kt-B6!, KxKt; 2) P-R6, P-B5; 3) K-Q4, P-B6; 4) P-R7, P-B7; 5) P=Q, P=Q; 6) Q-KB8 ch etc.

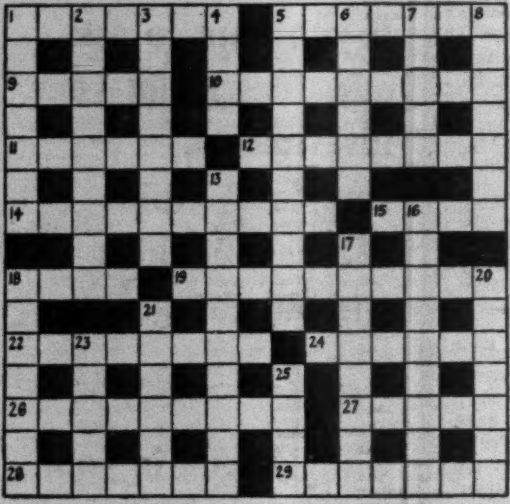
C: 1) P-R5, BxP; 2) B-B6, PxB; 3) P-R6, P-B4 ch; 4) K-Q5!, B-R5; 5) P-R7, B-B3; 6) P=Q, BxQ, stalemate.

Not too difficult. Prizes: C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, S. N. Collings, M. P. Furmston, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 452

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 452, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 18 April.



ACROSS

1. Judge of drill in reorganisation of the rear (7).
5. Man perhaps as bishop (7).
9. Further recommendation for a horseman (5).
10. Furnishing upon certain terms (9).
11. She gets mixed up with any creatures (6).
12. What the driver needs before all is to be sober (8).
14. Original as a man of religion holding a thousand in front of the face (10).
15. Talk about business a second before the dance (4).
18. Imprison the first of the penniless beggars (4).
19. An award in cleverness and skill or occult powers (10).
22. Where term soon breaks up (8).
24. Perhaps caters for a run (6).
26. Though escapable, an animal catches me with a fish (9).
27. Amphibians discovered when the river is in bad visibility (5).
28. Entertainment revealing a strange art in you (7).
29. Most saintly and passionate about untruths (7).

DOWN

1. For craft I enter a different parish (7).
2. Pestering for jewellery with an emblem on it (9).
3. The ring expert has to study gold (8).
4. Blows which are the reverse of boxing (4).
5. Test girl for source (10).
6. 'Embryos and ——, eremites and friars' (Milton) (6).
7. Inclined (5).
8. Drink to encourage flight (7).
13. Bad similes mixed but in order (10).
16. Top weight for Bradley (9).
17. 'View him with ——, yet with jealous eyes' (Pope) (8).
18. Agreement in the bag? (7).
20. In migration the bird holds the right answer (7).
21. Believe a short quotation about a revolutionary (6).
23. Tantalus' daughter (5).
25. Network of the Home short-wave programme (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 450

S	H	A	L	L	O	W	S	■	S	H	O	C	K	S
U	■	R	■	O	■	H	■	■	■	E	■	O	■	T
P	O	R	T	R	A	I	T	■	T	R	A	N	C	E
P	■	A	■	E	■	T	■	B	■	R	■	T	■	R
L	A	Y	E	T	T	E	■	U	N	I	C	O	R	N
Y	■	S	■	T	■	K	■	F	■	N	■	U	■	E
■	■	■	R	O	U	N	D	F	I	G	U	R	E	S
S	■	N	■	■	■	I	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	T
C	H	A	R	I	N	G	C	R	O	S	S	■	■	■
A	■	R	■	D	■	H	■	S	■	T	■	P	■	S
L	A	R	G	E	S	T	■	T	O	E	N	A	I	L
L	■	O	■	A	■	S	■	A	■	R	■	C	■	I
O	R	W	E	L	L	■	S	T	R	I	C	K	E	N
P	■	E	■	L	■	■	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	K
S	T	R	A	Y	S	■	O	S	W	E	S	T	R	Y

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 450

Miss M. Rayner (Woodford)
Lord Conesford QC (Shillingford)
H. M. Yuille (Glasgow)

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WEST Cornwall. In fishing village. 7 gns weekly. Food home-cooked. Own boat. Lambourn, Mousehole. Tel. Mousehole 236.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

BRITAIN'S best Holiday Farms, Country Guest Houses, Caravans, etc; 1,500 reviews illus. in 1961 Guide. Send 4s. 1d. Farm Guide, (B7) 18 High St, Paisley.

THE Brickwall Hotel, Sedlescombe, Sussex. A picturesque old house, now a comfortable warm well-run Hotel in terraced garden fronting village green. Good motoring centre for SE England, only 55 miles London. AA, RAC. Excellent food, well-chosen wines. Tel.: Sedlescombe 253.

MIDHURST district. A quiet country holiday off beaten track, no traffic, no crowds. Putting, billiards, Badminton. AA, RAC. 4 acres grounds. Southdown Hotel, Trotton, nr Petersfield. Rogate 93.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

DEVON. Farm hol. Bed/b'kfast, evng meal, from 4½ gns. Buckingham, Colwell Barton, Offwell, Honiton. Wilmington 260.

COME and relax in Ireland. Rambling Georgian house, lovely Wicklow hills. Sea 1½ miles. Comf., h. & c., bathrms, own farm produce. Dublin 16 miles, exc. bus service. Poss. sea fishing, golf, riding. 7 gns. Tolstoy, Easton Hse, Delgany, Co. Wicklow.

WIESBADEN, Hotel Rose. International Hotel, with every comfort, own Thermal Springs: ideal all the year round. Brochure. Cables: Rosotel.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany. Pension Yvonne. From 36s. (June 31s.). Mod. comfs. Seaviews. Sands. Illus Leaflet.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

R. H. TAWNEY on British Socialism Today. A new pamphlet (1s. 2d. incl. postage) from the Campaign for Democratic Socialism, 27A Red Lion Street, London, WC1. HOLborn 3587.

'ALLEN Dulles: A Study of a Master Spy', Bob Edwards, MP, and Kenneth Dunne. 'Mass of carefully documented information'. 3s. 6d. post free Chemical Workers Union, c/o Housmans, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1.

APRIL Labour Monthly: What is Defence? R. Palme Dutt; The Non-Manual Worker, George Elvin; The Bomb: Next Steps, a Peace Symposium. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'THE Single Woman – her adjustment to life and love' by Laura Hutton. A frank, sympathetic and heartening guide to the emotional and sexual problems of single women. By a former physician of the Tavistock Clinic, London. From booksellers 12s. 6d., or 13s. 6d. post paid from the publishers, Barrie & Rockliff, Dept N3, 2 Clement's Inn, London, WC2.

'WHICH?' is based on independent tests and surveys. The April issue reports on car batteries, loans for houses, nappies. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association, available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

THE Dogs' Bulletin, Britain's only canine newspaper which is strictly for people, needs short stories, and articles of topical interest concerning dogs. Length 1,000 words. Occasional poems. Nothing twee or sentimental. Payment 10-12 guineas. Manuscripts to 10 Seymour Street, London, W1.

BUYING What? Consumer Council finds out for you – gives you actual test findings on many branded goods through 'Shopper's Guide' (10s. p.a.), advises you if you make a bad buy. Write Orchard House, Orchard Street, W1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words). minimum two lines Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman. Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MATHEMATICIANS IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE

A FIRST CLASS CAREER IN RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

Following are examples of vacancies at SCIENTIFIC OFFICER (£738-£1,222) or SENIOR SCIENTIFIC OFFICER (£1,342-£1,654) level now available:

ROAD RESEARCH LABORATORY, LANGLEY, BUCKS. – theoretical and experimental RESEARCH on TRAFFIC FLOW and ROAD SAFETY. Some investigations will require the use of electronic computers (Senior Scientific Officer or Scientific Officer).

GOVERNMENT COMMUNICATIONS HEADQUARTERS, CHELTENHAM, GLOS. – PROGRAMMING of COMMUNICATIONS PROBLEMS for COMPUTERS. Problems involve pure mathematics, statistics, information theory, queueing, systems analysis, computer design, radio networks (Senior Scientific Officer).

ROCKET PROPULSION ESTABLISHMENT, WESTCOTT, BUCKS. – theoretical and applied ASSESSMENT STUDIES to determine the suitability of ROCKET MOTORS for specific applications and optimum lines of investigation for development programmes (Senior Scientific Officer or Scientific Officer).

GUIDED WEAPONS TRIALS ESTABLISHMENT, ANGLESEY – research into STATISTICAL and other techniques for the recording and ANALYSIS of TRIALS DATA; advising on DATA SELECTION for record and supervising DEVELOPMENT of associated equipment (Senior Scientific Officer).

There are many other vacancies in MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS and in most other scientific disciplines. All posts carry a pension. Good promotion prospects. Full particulars from Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 17 North Audley Street, London, W1.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the following posts:

ASSISTANT LECTURER OR LECTURER IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.

TWO LEVERHULME SENIOR RESEARCH SCHOLARSHIPS IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Applicants should have qualifications in Social Studies: experience in social work, administration or research overseas would be an advantage.

Salary Scales, according to age, qualifications and experience.

Assistant Lectureships: £850 x £50 to £950 per annum.

Lectureships: £1,050 x £50 to £1,400 x £75 to £1,850 per annum.

Senior Research Scholarships: £900 to £1,200 per annum.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications (6 copies) must be sent by 22 April 1961.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

CHAIR OF MODERN HISTORY

Applications are invited for appointment to the newly established Chair of Modern History. Candidates should have special qualifications in the field of international history since the eighteenth century.

Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by 6 May 1961.

HATFIELD COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

Hatfield, Herts

Principal: Dr W. A. J. Chapman, M.Sc.(Eng.)

INDUSTRIAL SOCIOLOGIST

Applications are invited for a Lectureship or Senior Lectureship, according to qualifications, in Management Studies. Applicants should be capable of teaching industrial sociology in advanced Management Courses. Salary: Lecturer: £1,350-£1,550; Senior Lecturer: £1,550-£1,750 per annum. Details from Registrar.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL – EDUCATION DEPT.

Applications invited for following additional posts in Child Guidance Service in Twickenham & SW Middlesex.

(a) EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST (full-time). Hons degree in Psychology or equiv, recognised clinical training & teaching exper. essential. Duties include general advisory work in schools & work in Child Guidance Centres.

(b) PSYCHOTHERAPISTS (full-time). Hons degree in Psychology with recognised post-graduate mental health training &/or equiv. exper. in Child Therapy essential.

Both posts: Salary Soulbury II £1,290-1,560. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 St George St, SW1, returnable by 28 April. (Quote F.892 NS&N).

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL – EDUCATION DEPT.

LEADERS and ASSISTANT LEADERS

with training and exper. reqd for youth clubs in Willesden. Remuneration Leaders 29s. 6d. or 35s. per evening accdg to quals, Assistant Leaders 22s. per evening. Application forms & full particulars (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable immediately. (Quote F.900 NS&N).

BARROW-IN-FURNESS COUNTY BOROUGH COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited, preferably from women, for the post of ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S OFFICER. In addition to several years' experience as a Child Care Officer, applicants should have a Degree, Social Science Qualification, and/or the Child Care Certificate.

Salary £1,140-£1,310 per annum (APT IV).

Housing accommodation can be made available, and assistance given with removal expenses, if relevant. Subsistence allowances are payable in appropriate circumstances.

A motor car is necessary, but a purchasing scheme is available, and running expenses are paid to cover official usage.

The post provides an admirable blend of child care work and senior officer responsibilities, with scope for individual working preferences. The Department operates a five-day week.

Apply by letter to the CHILDREN'S OFFICER, 52 Paradise Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, quoting full personal details, qualifications, present and previous appointments (with dates), and giving the names and addresses of three referees. The closing date for applications is 20 April 1961.

LAWRENCE ALLEN, Town Clerk.
Town Hall, Barrow-in-Furness.

BOURNEMOUTH, ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education.

Temporary teachers required, full-time, 1 May to early September with possibility of permanency. German, French or Italian a great advantage but not essential where candidate has experience in teaching English. Applications, with photograph, references and full particulars, should be addressed immediately to the Director of Studies, Anglo-Continental School of English, 31/33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

GLAMORGAN COUNTY COUNCIL

require:

(a) SOCIAL WELFARE OFFICER FOR TEMPORARY/RESIDENTIAL ACCOMMODATION – Bridgend Area,

and

(b) SOCIAL WELFARE OFFICER FOR GENERALLY HANDICAPPED Neath and West Glamorgan Area.

Applicants must be over 21 years of age. Salary, if in possession of University Social Science qualifications £665-£975 per annum, but consideration will also be given to persons not so qualified for appointment as Trainees.

Salary during training £420-£630 or £710 according to GCE qualifications, and on completion of training and passing of an internal examination £665-£915.

Application forms and further details from the Director of Welfare Services, County Hall, Cardiff.

Closing date 17 April.

RICHARD JOHN,
Clerk of the County Council.

ASSISTANT EDITOR FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS WANTED

Good education, knowledge of school subjects and of children's out-of-school interests necessary as work is mainly on encyclopaedias. Opportunity to earn good salary with large organisation, excellent prospects, generous leave, etc. Previous experience similar work essential and also at least six months' membership of NUJ. Ability to write, also to plan and edit the work of outside writers and to answer advisory service questions from young readers and parents desirable; also to suggest new titles, indicate layouts, initiate artwork and handle make-up and proofs, etc.; knowledge French and/or other foreign language an advantage. State, in strict confidence, education, experience, age, salary required to Box 1973.

'THE ALMONER'

Applications are invited for the part-time post of EDITORIAL ASSISTANT for the Institute's professional journal which is published in London. Knowledge of the social services, and especially of almoners' work, essential, and previous experience of publishing desirable. Commencing salary £450 per annum. Applications, with details of previous experience and names of two referees, should be made as soon as possible to Miss M. Steel, Secretary, Institute of Almoners, 42 Bedford Square, London, WC1.

TRANSLATOR

Applications are invited for the post of translator in the English team of the Medical Information Service (Pharmaceutical Division), CIBA Limited, Basle, Switzerland. The position calls for a young man of English mother tongue with a university degree (or equivalent qualifications) in German and French. Some previous acquaintance with medicine or pharmaceutics would be desirable, but is not essential. Attractive conditions of service are offered, including a good starting salary and a generous pension scheme.

Applications, accompanied by a photograph and curriculum vitae, should be addressed in the candidate's own handwriting to:

The Personnel Department,
CIBA LIMITED,
Basle, Switzerland.

EDITORIAL Assistant required by established educational monthly. Some experience of teaching or direct knowledge of the educational field an advantage. An interesting and worthwhile job. Salary £550 p.a. Applications in writing only to Publications Officer, Visual Education, 33 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

London County Council

CHILDREN'S SERVICE
LONDON RECEPTION CENTRE

Housemother I	(£630-675)
Housemother II	(£590-630)
Housemother III	(£555-590)

at Earlsfield House, Swaffield Road, SW18 a reception centre for 51 boys and girls admitted for observation and assessment of their needs. The housemothers class I & II will be in charge of groups of children (with other child care assistance); the former will have extra responsibilities as regards direction of staff whenever senior staff are on leave etc. Previous residential experience essential either in a reception centre or with boys and girls in 12-15 age range. Comfortable furnished single accommodation and a friendly atmosphere. Adequate cooking and domestic assistance provided. Charge for board, etc. of £138 p.a. 4 weeks annual leave including Bank Holidays.

Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/N/755/4), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

Anglo-Continental School of English

33 Wimborne Road
BOURNEMOUTH
(Recognized as Efficient by the Ministry of Education)

HOLIDAY COURSES 1961

The above language centre for foreign students requires a number of additional male TEACHERS OF ENGLISH for its summer courses between 3 July and early September 1961. Applicants must be prepared to take up their duties on either 3 July or 17 July.

We are looking for experienced professional teachers, preferably with a sound knowledge of German and/or French, who will undertake either 12 or 24 hours teaching each week. They will be concerned particularly with instructing adult Continental students in the English language at elementary, intermediate, or advanced level. These positions are well remunerated, and assistance is given in securing accommodation in Bournemouth.

Applications, together with a recent photograph, should state qualifications and relevant experience, and should be addressed to Richard S. Davis, above. Interviews will take place in Bournemouth at the end of April or early in May.

STATISTICIAN

Owing to continued expansion, C. & J. Clark Limited, (Shoemakers), of Street, Somerset, require a young statistician to assist in the application of statistical methods to a wide variety of problems. This would include the use of operational research techniques. Good standard of education required, preferably to degree standard.

Applications in writing to the Senior Personnel Officer, C. & J. Clark Ltd., Street, Somerset, quoting reference number JT:19:8.

ITALY

SEVERAL DOZEN POSTS AVAILABLE FOR BRITISH GIRLS OF GOOD BACKGROUND.
AU-PAIR, MOTHER'S HELP, ETC.
ALSO SIMILAR POSTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Apply: OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY, 45 CHURCH ST, RICKMANSWORTH and at San Francisco, California.

BBC requires Language Supervisor (British) in Chinese Section of Asian Services. Duties (under supervision of Chinese Programme Organiser) include both language work and some programme duties. The former consists in checking accuracy and style of translations of news bulletins and talks from English into Chinese, following broadcasts in the studio, and translation and supervision of listener correspondence. Programme duties include some editorial and production work. First class knowledge of spoken (Kuoyu) and written Chinese and of Chinese affairs essential. Knowledge of current affairs in general an advantage. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.135. N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days. Candidates abroad soonest airmail. Possibility also of part-time post, principally concerned with language supervision. Salary pro-rata. Candidates also interested in the part-time post should add a note to their completed applicn forms.

BBC requires Producer in Manchester to be responsible for the production of Light Entertainment Sound programmes. Knowledge of the Light Entertainment profession essential; experience of the dance band world and a knowledge of the North of England desirable. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.143 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC invites applications from Arab nationals residing in Britain to take part in its Arabic Service programmes broadcast from London. The programmes include talks, music, plays, features, variety and drama productions. Applicants must have a knowledge of classical Arabic and an attractive speaking voice. Payment will be according to usual fees for outside contributors. Applications giving full particulars should be addressed to: Administrative Assistant, BBC Arabic Service, Bush House, Strand, WC2.

AN OPPORTUNITY occurs for young educated woman interested in children and educational problems to gain practical experience with problem children, to discuss views and ideas on education and take a responsible and well-paid position after having proved common sense and ability. Board and nice room plus initial salary of £3 weekly without any deductions; 8-10 weeks annual holidays with pay. Apply to The Principal, Salmons Cross School, Holmbury St Mary, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

AUSTRALIAN National University. School of General Studies. Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Lecturer in Economics. A special interest in mathematical economics would be an advantage. The salary range for a lecturer is £A1,640-90-£2,360. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 6 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Lectureship in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Ability to offer courses in methods of teaching Chemistry and/or Biology desirable. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,575 x £50 – £2,175 for a man or £1,200 x £40 – £1,680 for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable; salaries are under review. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided for those receiving expatriation allowance. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 19 May 1961.

MINISTRY of Health: Limb Fitting Centre, Roehampton, London, SW15. Applications are invited for the post of Almoner at the above Centre. This is a new appointment and the post offers scope for co-operation with medical staff at the Centre and with almoners in referring hospitals for the social rehabilitation of amputees. Applicants should have experience of relevant social work in hospitals, or with local authorities and voluntary organisations. Salary scale £520 (at age 23) to £845, plus London Weighting. Applications (two copies) stating nationality, date of birth, qualifications, experience, present appointment and three referees to the Director of Establishments and Organisation, Ministry of Health, Savile Row, London, W1 by 1 May 1961.

RESEARCH Worker required by the National Association for Mental Health for 3 year study of the Association's two hostels for ESN School Leavers in London. Further partics from the General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

BRITISH Student Tuberculosis Foundation, Pinewood Hospital, Wokingham, Berkshire. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary, which will be vacant in early June. Duties are as the administrator of this student charity and warden of the Student Unit at Pinewood Hospital. Ability to type required; university graduates preferred. Salary from £650 p.a., according to experience and qualifications. House for rent. Further particulars on request; applications, giving names of two refs, should be sent by 17 April 1961 to the Chairman of the Foundation at above address.

INTERNATIONAL News organisation in London seeks top-calibre French or completely bi-lingual English journalist for expanding French-language news service. Abundant professional scope for journalist with drive and organisational flair. Pension scheme. Box 2024.

WORKERS' Educational Association: Western District. Tutor Organiser for Wiltshire. Applications are invited for this new post from graduates who are interested in developing adult education through a voluntary movement and can offer International Affairs or Sociology as a main teaching subject. Salary scale £900-£1,500. Details and application forms are obtainable from the District Secretary, WEA, 7 St Nicholas Street, Bristol, 1, to whom applications should be sent by 29 April 1961.

BOOK publishers require an assistant with knowledge of production and good design sense, for interesting responsible post offering excellent scope. Reply with details of previous experience to Box 1990.

DRYAD Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St (near British Museum) need young lady assistant, preferably with some knowledge of crafts. Good position and salary for suitable person. Applics to The Manageress.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of General Secretary with the YWCA, Sydney, Australia. Salary (A) £1,100 p.a., consideration given, passage. Interview London. Details from Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1.

OFFICIAL student organisation seeks teaching staff for summer schools in England. Experience of teaching English to Scandinavians an advantage. Write: Scandinavian Student Travel Service, 51 Studiestraede, Copenhagen V, Denmark.

MATRON and Assistant required for small co-educational school. Please write giving age and experience to St Catherine's School, Almondsbury, Bristol.

TEMPORARY secretary required for interesting post week commencing 10 April. Good hours and salary. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

GANYMED Press want secretary (no shorthand) capable of helping in gallery. Apply 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

PERSONAL Secretary required for Departmental Head. Initial salary up to £700 p.a. Apply Secretary, British Non-Ferrous Metals Research Association, Euston St, NW1.

ANGLICAN Pacifist Fellowship requires Assistant Secretary, m. or f., with a view to eventual assumption of main part of office routine. Write to General Secretary, APF, 29 Great James St, WC1.

RECEPTIONIST/Interviewer (under 30) required part-time. Good knowledge of German or Italian and ability to type essential. Full-time appointment possible for a well-qualified applicant. Apply: St Giles School of Languages, 63 Oxford St, W1.

ASSISTANT Secretary required for vol. organisation concerned with preservation of historical documents. Interesting & varied work, including normal sec. duties of small office, would suit educated & responsible woman able to use initiative, pref. interested in history. Salary within range £650-£820 p.a. according age, quals & experience. Write Sec., British Records Association, Charterhouse, EC1.

AMERICAN Research Organisation reqs sec.-sh./typist, starting salary £675. Excellent prospects. Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1. HOL. 0390.

ASSISTANT Youth Leader reqd for open mixed club Marylebone. 3 nights weekly. References essential. Apply Box 2008.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist, either sex, but must be competent and experienced. WC1 area. Top salary. TER. 7687.

CAPABLE part-time female clerk required by Bailliere, Tindall & Cox, Ltd, Medical and Veterinary Publishers and Booksellers, 7-8 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, WC2, for cataloguing and publicity work in their Mail Order Department. Previous experience preferable but not essential. Some typing ability necessary. 4 to 5 hours daily by agreement. Two weeks' holiday this year. Rate 5s. per hour. Ring TEMple Bar 3386.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

PADDINGTON General Hospital, Harrow Road, W9. Ward Aides required. Applicants should be of good appearance, well-spoken and used to answering the telephone. 42 hours per week. No evening duties. Apply to Matron.

PART-time Secretary for interesting Kensington Adult Education Centre (Family Guidance). Box 2015.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ACTIVE, adaptable widow, young 50's, sense of humour, sks interesting post. Exp.: Welfare, catering, ckg, some nursing. Genuine interest in people, sick, handicapped or healthy. Home/abroad. Box 1916.

WOMAN graduate, early 50's, experienced administration, committee work, economic and social investigations, seeks responsible post. Write Box 1819.

PSYCHO-therapy: Austrian (30 years, human, intelligent, with experience) sks interesting school post (Autumn) where opportunity further experience/training. (Univ. educ., fluent English, British wife). Bernardis, Vereinsgasse 12/10, Vienna II.

UNSUCCESSFUL writer and active Direct Actionist, male, 22, reqs sympathetic employer, central London. Box 1945.

DIPLOMA student m. seeks employment Social Work, London. Any capacity. Salary: minimum to live. Box 1998.

INTELLIGENT lady, 27, seeks interesting situation in London. Art School trained. Drawing office & sales asst. exper. Box 1961.

VARSITY Music student (Scholarship winner) reqs summer vacation work. Wide interests; experienced keyboard performer & conductor (operas etc.). Box 1954.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

SCHOOLS—continued

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ACE advises on schools and universities and publishes 'Where?' quarterly. 10s. a year subscription to Advisory Centre for Education, Unit 13, 14 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HAMPSTEAD: room, single, large, contemp., well furn., fully carpeted, constant h. & c. water, shower, toilet, kitchen. Suit young lady. 4½ gns p.w. MAI. 9003.

LONDON, N8. Sitting-room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, all furnished. Share bathroom. Quiet house, large garden. Suit family of 3. Terms by arrangement. Box 1964.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming single b/s. 3½ gns p.w. incl. service. PRI. 0488.

DELIGHTFUL double room in lovely home NW London. Suit two young lady students or teachers. Refs reqd. Box 2035.

LONDON, SE4. Self-contd partly-furnished flat on professional premises. Low rental. Suit single lady or widow with one child of school age. Box 2047.

LARGE, well-furnished bed-sitting-room, French windows on garden. Own cooker; kitchen; share sink, bath, with one other. Highgate. £15 month. MOU. 9906.

TO let furn., lovely 1st-floor bed-sitting room with tel., radio, gas fire, c.h.w., in Canonbury Sq., N1. Suit MP or journalist, etc. 5 gns p.w. or 6½ gns with bkfast and service. CAN. 4597.

NR Highgate Stn, 1-rm flatlet, rent 57s. 6d. includes cleaning, c.h.w., elec. Use bath, frig. MOU. 5196 after 6.

FOOTSORE and weary? Why not take advantage of our efficient service which only deals in really good quality accommodation of flats, flatlets and bed-sitting rooms. Contact Personal Accommodation Services, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM 0027.

FLATSHARERS Register, 11 Beauchamp Place, SW3. KNI. 0232/0395.

LOVELY hols. Sussex 17th Cent. furn. cottage. Main water, el. S.a.e. Box 1946.

HOLIDAYS? You, your children &/or dog welcome, 4 berth caravan Aldeburgh (Festival early July), Suffolk 3½ gns p.w. Not August. Box 1959.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

DESPERATE sculptor seeks house with working studio, or with garden big and accessible enough to build studio. London area. Anything considered. £4,000 cash available. Box 1827.

S/C. flat wtd in North London area. Prof. couple, no children. Up to £5 p.w. payable 6 mths in advance. Box 1933.

RED-Brick Academic couple require furnished flat, London area, for about a fortnight in April. Box 1934.

ARCHITECT reqs s/c. furn. 1-room flat at mod. rent. Good refs. Box 2018.

MARRIED couple wish to rent two rooms or small flat near sea, French Mediterranean Coast, June. Box 1984.

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COURSES etc.—contd from p.568

'THE Crisis in Fleet Street': 5 lectures by Henry Fairlie, John Beavan (Editor, 'Daily Herald'), Paul Johnson and others, on Wednesdays at 7 p.m. commencing 12 April; 'The Exploration of Space': 6 lectures by Dr P. J. Bowen and other members of the University College, London, Space Research Group, on Fridays at 7 p.m. commencing 14 April: at Goldsmiths' College, SE14. Other courses: 'The American Civil War', 'New Towns', 'Introducing Design', 'Oriental Architecture', 'Twentieth-Century Poets', 'Wagner', 'The Concerto', 'Aristotle'. Enrol at the first lecture-meetings: ring TID. 2266 for further details.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER School of Art, Dartington Hall, 20-27 July 1961. For people of all ages who wish to spend a week of their holidays painting, dyeing and printing fabric, making pottery and participating in one or two special projects. Prospectus from Sec., Dartington Hall Arts Centre, Totnes, S. Devon.

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Applications (3 copies) should be made before 29 April 1961 to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ROBT T. HUTCHESON,
Secretary of University Court.

THE Czechoslovak Ministry of Education and Culture offers to British Postgraduate students two scholarships for the Academic year starting September 1961. Outline particulars and application forms may be obtained from The Director, Universities Department, The British Council, 65 Davies St, London, W1. Last date for receipt of applications 15 May 1961.

S. WINIFRED'S, Llanfairfechan. North Wales Coast. Woodard School. Midland Division. A half-fee, a £100 and an £80 scholarship, and others of smaller value, will be awarded on the result of an examination to be held on 17 and 18 May. All particulars and Entrance Forms from the Head Mistress, to whom these must be returned by 11 May.

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PERSONAL—continued

BOY rising 3 reqs genial care nr Regent's Park 9-5.30 Mon. to Fri. from end of April, 35s. weekly. Box 1835.

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YOUNG Froebel teacher, skilled cook, excellent references, seeks s/c. accom. NW London, in exchange afternoon child care and evening cooking. Box 2048.

LADY (British) 36, experienced as hotel receptionist, hostess, bookings, reservations, travel, fluent French and Italian, also capable secretary, would like position for short or long period in one of the leading hotels in Sardinia. Box 1880.

'SERVICE for Peace'. International Voluntary Service still has some off-peak vacancies at its challenging international work camps in Britain during the April-June period. Enquiries from potential volunteers and leaders welcome. Write or phone IVS, 72 Oakley Square, London, NW1. EUSton 3195.

JOHN is quite alone in the world – an intelligent maladjusted 14-year-old but in many ways very likeable. His problems are great and only an exceptional – possibly unconventional – foster home could possibly succeed – success not guaranteed. He needs people who could withstand incessant demands while still maintaining an unwavering concern, and whose tolerance for John would be uninfluenced by the inevitably 'raised eyebrows' of neighbours. John will certainly put a foster home to drastic tests despite his longing to live in one. If you live in or near London and feel able to help, please write to the Area Children's Officer, D4, (SDO/N/742/4), 106 Weston St, SE1.

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LINGUAPHONE unused German record course for sale: any offers? Box 2019.

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THE Living invite film scripts and actors/actresses for this summer's filming. 42 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

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PERSONAL—continued

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TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. 'Glory Be', Irish musical.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): Dekker's 'The Shoemaker's Holiday' 7, 8 (Mems. 9), 12-15 April at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Affluent Athenian', new satire by Derek Hall, Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

MERMAID THEATRE (CIT. 7656)
SUNDAY 9 APRIL AT 7.30.
SPEECH AND MUSIC

with Ian Wallace, Rose Hill, Sebastian Shaw, Joan Cross, Olive McFarland, Geoffrey Gilbert (flute), Jack Brymer (Clarinet), Marie Korchinska (Harp). Programme includes 1st public perf. in England of Stravinsky's 'Epitaphion', World Première of 'Take a Life', a melodrama by Sebastian Shaw with music by Humphrey Searle, and works by Luciano Berio, Francis Chagrin and Krenek.

Tickets: 5s., 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Theatre.

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Concert at
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
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CONCERTS—continued

95th Concert of French Music. Sat. 15 April at 7.30. Morley College, SE1. First Eng. perfs of works by Milhaud, Sauguet, Schmitt. Adele Leigh, Louis-Jacques Rondeleux, The 20th Century Ensemble, Conds: Henri Sauguet, Hans-Hubert Schönzeler. Tkts 5s., doors open 7 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN
will be the guest of honour at a
MAY DAY DINNER
in aid of
OXFAM'S CONGO RELIEF FUND
on Monday, 1 May 1961, at 7.30 p.m.
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You are invited by the
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EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 9 Apr.: 'The Seventh Seal' (X). From 10 Apr.: 'Wild Strawberries' (A). Jennings' 'Family Portrait' (U).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions: a choice of pictures for spring redecorations. All on view at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Illustrated catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Nigel Henderson – photographs – paintings – collages. 13 April to 20 May. Preview for members, 12 April, 6 p.m. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s., members free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Paintings by Le Sidaner and Drawings by Carrière and Puvis de Chavannes. Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Closing 15 April.

SOCIETY of Wood Engravers. 31st Exhibition of Wood Engravings and Colour Prints at The Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1 until 13 May. Mon. to Fri. 10-5, Sats 10-12.30. Admission free.

PAINTINGS by Robert Hill at Leighton House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. From 7 to 21 April. Daily 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., Sats to 5 p.m.

PARKWAY Gallery, 58 Parkway, NW1. Fantastic Paintings by Gordon. 10-29 Apl.

NATIONAL Art Treasures from Korea. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 7 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tue., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

MODERN French Bookbindings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 22 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Ten Sculptors and paintings by Tadé. Opening 14 April.

MOLTON Gallery. Ecole de Paris. Aquarelles and drawings. 28 March-15 April. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY. 4419. Wren Sargent, Joan Knoblock, Violet Fuller, Paintings. 27 March-15 April. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 14 April: Agaoglu – Cross, Hirst, Poole.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Leonelli – Collage – paintings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 29 April. 142 New Bond St, W1.

THE Waddington Galleries, Watercolours of the period 1888-1910: Jack B. Yeats. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings by Anthony Day and Edwin Mortlock; Graphic Work by Pat Allman-Smith.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). Rebeyrolle – Recent Paintings. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George St, W1. Poliakoff – Recent Gouaches. Until 15 April. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Stanley Causer & Peter Peterson. 10-5.30 Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tuesday, 11 April, 8.15. Pasternak – readings in Russian and in translation of his work. Contributors – Lydia Slater, Manya Harari, Dr George Katkov. Chairman: Stephen Spender. Members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d. Thursday, 13 April, 8.15. 'The Language of Art', I. The Sign. Speakers: Victor Pasmore, Sir Herbert Read, Dennis Duerden and John Ernest. Chairman: Robert Melville. Members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d.

BLACKHEATH Left Club: Henry Collins on 'Capitalism Today', Kidbrooke House, 78 Shooters Hill Road, 8 p.m. Fri. 14 April.

'ACTION For Peace' – The Religious Challenge; Morals of Disarmament; Civil Disobedience – A Quaker Forum with Panel of Speakers. Sun. 9 Apr. at 6.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd, London, NW1.

RAYMOND Williams, author of 'Culture and Society', 'Border Country', 'The Long Revolution', etc. will give the William F. Harvey Memorial Lecture on 'Communication and Community' at WEA London District Rally at 3 p.m. Saturday, 8 April, at Bedford College, Regents Park, NW1. Lecture followed by tea, music, dramatics, West Indian dancers, buffet supper and dancing to 'The Kays' Band. Tickets, all-inclusive, 6s. at door.

'FOUR American Novelists: Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, Elizabeth Madox Roberts and Edith Wharton', a lecture by Helga Sandburg, American poet and novelist, American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St entrance, Fri. 14 April, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

SCENES from American History: The Innocent Years. 8th in the series of weekly film showings, American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St entrance, Thurs. 13 April, 6.30 and 7.45 p.m. Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 14 April, 8 p.m. 'Lermontov' by Ilyine, read by Granville Barker. Poems Marika Rivera, Dmitri Makaroff.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 9 Apr. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Dr S. N. Ghose: 'Hinduism and Christianity'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 9 Apr. – Dr W. E. Swinton, New Heavens and Old Gods. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 11 Apr. – Meat Hunger in Man, Ronald Lightowler. Discussion.

PERSONALIST Group. R. Clements, F. H. A. Micklewright and David Tribe on 'The Humanist Future'. Conway Hall, Thursday 13 April, 7.30 p.m.

ORIENTAL concepts of sex relationships: Philip Metman. Progressive League, Sunday 23 April. For full details of this and other April activities send s.a.e. to Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

'RAVENNA Mosaics' by Eustace Remnant: two illus. lectures at Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (nr Sadler's Wells), 8 p.m. Mon. 10 Apr. & Tues. 2 May. (Arr. Finsbury Art Grp). Non-mems 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

'SCHOOLS in Atlantis; a study of British and American Education', a lecture by Carl Bode, formerly Cultural Attaché, US Embassy, London, now Visiting Professor of American History, University of Wisconsin. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wed. 12 April, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

A DEBATE: 'That this House believes that Unilateralism is relevant to the prospect of this country's survival'. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. 12 April 8 p.m.

SHAW Society: Debate with The Dickens Fellowship. 'Who was the greater social reformer by means of entertainment, Shaw or Dickens?'. At The National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, Piccadilly, Friday, 7 April at 7 p.m.

PROBLEMS of the Elderly – Mrs Gwynne Foster, at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3, Sat. 8 April at 2.45. Hampstead Humanist Society.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture. Wed. 12 April, 6.30 p.m., 'Beat Zen, Square Zen or Zen?' Miss P. T. N. Kennett. Sat. 15 April at 3 p.m. the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

'DESIRE and Will'. Public lect. 9 April, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 9 April, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'An allegory on the banks of the Nile': Prynce Hopkins.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Miss Elsie Solomons: 'Ceylon Today'. 8.30. Fri. 14 April. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

REMINDER! Discussion Courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin at 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1 on Tues & Thurs 11 and 13 April from 7 to 9 p.m. Nominal fee for course 5s. Enrol on opening nights. For details of classes in other areas 'phone VIC. 4266.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL. 3351.

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'DEFENCE, Security and Disarmament' Week-end conference for younger (18-35) members. Spode House, Rugeley, 28-30 April. Wayland Young, Leonard Beaton, Michael Ionides, James Henderson. United Nations Association and National Peace Council. Details: NPC, 29 Great James Street, WC1. CHA. 3228.

SAVING and Spending. Weekend Residential course, 22-23 April. The Economics of the Building Society. Fee £2 4s. Details from Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

SPANISH Language: The Hispanic Council Annual Summer Course at San Sebastián: 28 July-18 Aug. Also Evening Classes in Portuguese and Spanish begin 17 April. Apply: Canning Hse, 2 Belgrave Sq., SW1.

COURSES etc.—contd on p.567

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